

THE CRITIC:

Weekly Journal of Literature, Art, Science, and the Drama.

VOL. XVIII.—No. 444.

JANUARY 8, 1859.

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TO accommodate the Country Trade, and to facilitate the transmission to the provinces, THE CRITIC, from and after the commencement of 1859, will be published at 12 o'clock noon of FRIDAY. All Communications, Advertisements, &c., must reach the office not later than 5 o'clock p.m. on THURSDAY, to insure attention in the current number.

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CRITIC Office, 19, Wellington-street North, Strand, W.C.

THE CRITIC.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 8, 1859.

IT HAS BEEN NOTICED by cunning observers of times and seasons that about this period of the year the *Times*, suffering under a dearth of topics, is wont to startle its readers with marvellous discoveries, relating to matters with which everyone was perfectly well acquainted before, but which every reader of the *Times* forthwith consents to regard as a new and original discovery, involving a valuable addition to the stock of human knowledge. One year, the sage in Printing-house-square awakes to the marvellous fact that gas companies and organ-grinders are nuisances, and must forthwith be swept away; another year the world is startled by the announcement that nursemaids pay too much attention to the soldiers of the household troops, to the detriment of the household pets entrusted to their charge; on another occasion Society is shocked out of all propriety by the problem as yet unsolved—except practically—can a man marry upon three hundred a-year? Finally, the husbands of England will be astounded to hear, upon an authority no less tremendous than the *Times*, that cookery is a part of education sadly neglected in the training of English wives, and that housekeeping is a science little understood among the matrons of our land. After clubs have been invented these hundred years, and chop-houses have long invaded the domestic peace of families, we are to be told, for the first time, that dining at home is not the *summum bonum* of earthly bliss. Here is a discovery, and forthwith the *Times* goes to work on its wholesale, happy-go-lucky style, abusing everything and every body, and recommending the ladies of England to go *en masse* and buy a certain book, which displays (be it said by the way) the grossest ignorance of the subject, and was probably written by some friend of the writer of the *Times* article.

Now the fact is, at least we maintain it to be so, that all this wholesale denunciation of English housekeeping is irrational and unjust. That there is a great and deplorable ignorance as to these matters, in certain classes, we do not seek to deny. We, for our part, have not unfrequently had to raise our voice against it. And yet we cannot consent to condemn the whole for the sins of a part. Tastes, classes, purses differ, and just so do the grades and kinds of housekeeping. To have a perfect system of housekeeping, and a perfect *cuisine*, requires a very large purse; but we will be bound for it that in no part of the world is the science of splendid and economical housekeeping carried to such a high pitch of perfection as in the houses of our old nobility and landed gentry. Travellers of the greatest experience have pronounced the comfort and hospitality of a real old English mansion to be superior to anything of the kind in the known world. Descend a little lower and among the middle-classes of England, beginning with the clergy (by birth gentry, too and often by necessity economical) and going on to the comfortable *bourgeoisie* of old country towns, and so on down to the superior order of farmers, it will be found that a perfectly competent knowledge of housekeeping, and that of the best kind, is almost universal. Where are both ends made so cunningly to meet as in the house of a substantial English yeoman? Where is there so little waste and yet so much of everything that is needed?

It is only when we come to the new classes of society that the complaint of the *Times* becomes a just one. There is among the *nouveaux riches*, among the merchants and the stockjobbers, and the more or less wealthy tradesmen, that this deplorable grievance of how to spend money, this prodigality unsweetened by comfort, this ostentatious display of a lack of the *savoir vivre* is to be found. It is among these people that we find the hot sherry and the cold soup, the vulgar display of gaudy ornament, the nauseating exhibition of huge joints and monstrous turkeys, the unvaried round of uneatable *entrées*, and all the other ills that the writer in the *Times*—evidently condemned to dine out among these classes—so eloquently and feelingly describes. Nor is this evil peculiar to the English *nouveaux riches*. In France it was the same some quarter of a century ago, when the revival of trade created the same class there; only the French, being an ingenious people, straightway invented the first-class restaurant, where wealthy people who do not know how to spend their money tastefully, may be taught the art of doing so at a rate not too extravagant. That is the whole secret of the great success of the restaurant in Paris; for no French family of the stock-jobbing sort would ever dream of giving a dinner at home. They know their weakness, and confident in the possession of a good round purse, take refuge at the Café de Paris, or the Trois Frères Provençaux, or some other gastronomic temple of established fame.

A "Dinner-Giver," who writes from Leicester, and who appears to labour under the disadvantage of having soup and fish every day, writes pathetically to the *Times* for some advice how to remedy the evils under which he suffers. Our advice to him is to give no more dinners, until he has learnt how to do it better than his own description of his proficiency would seem to imply.

A DISCLOSURE, which would be ludicrous but for its gravity, has laid bare the futility of the competitive examination system in a manner far more complete than endless leading articles could have done. The story speaks for itself so unreservedly, that we shall narrate the facts in all their brief simplicity.

A certain Mr. CORBELLIS, being nominated to a cornetcy in the 16th Lancers, was required to present himself to the examiners; but inasmuch as to wear a fine coat, ride a fine horse, and belong to a crack regiment is one thing, but to be prepared to pass an examination is quite another, Mr. CORBELLIS bethought himself of an ingenious plan for enjoying the sweets of service without taking a preliminary taste at the bitters. It is impossible for us to say whether Mr. CORBELLIS's plan is or is not original; but, judging from the ease with which it was carried out, we are inclined to suspect that some practised and maturer heads than that of Mr. CORBELLIS have been at work upon it. Feeling himself unable, or, perhaps (to put it mildly), only unwilling to face the examiners, Mr. CORBELLIS had recourse to a friend, a perfect cyclopædia in his way, who could write from dictation without misspelling more than one word in ten, recount the succession of English Sovereigns from the Conquest, draw maps of England with the chief towns and rivers marked upon them, and do all those other difficult things which the wisdom of the examiners deems necessary to the perfection of a British officer. Well, Mr. CORBELLIS's fetch appeared before the dread tribunal, passed the ordeal triumphantly, and—Mr. CORBELLIS was gazetted, and joined his regiment at Edinburgh. Curious as it may appear, this barefaced trick would never have been detected to this day but for the verification of the old adage, that, when certain people fall out, certain other people come by their own. And so it was that, when Mr. CORBELLIS and his double fell out—it was some little difference about the lucre—the secret came out. Of the two DROMIOS it soon appeared which was filled with the wisdom of the Egyptians, according to the standard of the Board of Examiners, and poor Mr. CORBELLIS, the modest or the incapable, has to retire from the army, whilst the money paid for his commission is declared to be forfeited to the Crown.

So far so good; but what a striking illustration of the efficacy of the examination system! But for the little squabble about the money business, Mr. CORBELLIS might even now have been at the mess-table of her Majesty's 16th Regiment of Lancers, upon the false pretence of knowing his own language.

WHEN LORD BROUGHAM stood up at the recent Liverpool Social Science gathering, and denounced the literary calling as an "unsatisfactory profession," though his words with part of that audience may have had all the weight of a cyclopædia's authority, the six thousand men who live upon their pens were aware that he knew very little of the subject upon which he was discoursing. They laughed at his selection of popular literature; they ventured to doubt that the *Penny Magazine*, with its hideous wood cuts, was still furnishing the weekly literary *pabulum* of the reading masses; they questioned the enormous figures quoted to show the circulation of his favourite publisher's print, and they thought it very unlikely that that publisher, even with his lordship's assistance, would ever do much towards making the unsatisfactory profession more satisfactory. A few weeks have scarcely passed before a platform acquaintance has ripened into something like a business connection, and while Mr. Cassell offers a premium for a prize tale, the Right Honourable Lord Brougham (assisted by Matthew Davenport Hill, Esq., the Recorder of Birmingham) is willing to act as adjudicator. The advertisement states that 250*l.* and 100*l.* are offered for the best and second best tales submitted for competition, and illustrative of the triumph of morality, sobriety, &c., over idleness, apathy, &c. These tales must fulfil all the requirements of a popular story; they must make no less than twenty-six weekly portions of the same length as that of the leading fiction now appearing in *Cassell's Illustrated Family Paper*; and the entire copyright is to be transferred to the donor of the prize.

There is no reason why a publisher should not endeavour to buy his fiction in the cheapest market, like any other tradesman buys any other goods; and if there had been no affectation of consulting the public good in this announcement, we should not have thought it worth while to animadvert upon Mr. Cassell's mode of doing business, although the premiums which he offers for a prize serial novel certainly do not encourage the idea that literature by such means is ever likely to become a more satisfactory profession.

The whole system of prizes and premiums, even when properly organised, is feverish and unhealthy. It is an attempt to trot out obscure merit, because obscure merit does not cost much to harness. Though many are called, only two are chosen; and, perhaps, two hundred persons are set to work, that two successful articles may be produced. Out of the one hundred and ninety-eight rejected stories some will approach very near in estimated excellence to the second prize; and these, if the publisher thinks proper to take advantage of his position, may be secured at a nominal price. Such competitions are only entered into by amateurs and very young beginners in literature; and the material produced, except in very rare cases, must necessarily be of a very inferior quality. Any writer who can frame a story answering the description contained in Mr. Cassell's advertisement, need not subject himself to the anxiety of a prize adjudication for two hundred and fifty pounds, as by holding up his finger he can at once command a much larger sum in the open fiction market. We do not tell Mr. Cassell this, for he, no doubt, is aware of the fact; but we address our remarks to the celebrated ex-Chancellor, who seems to be under a great delusion concerning the profits and prospects of the literary profession.

Of the Indian news which came over with the last mail few items are of more serious import than that which communicated the death of Brigadier JOHN JACOB, the celebrated organiser and commander of the Scinde Horse, and one of the most distinguished soldiers in the British or any other service. General JACOB was indeed what might be called an original soldier—a genius in the art of war; for he was incorrigible in his contempt for routine; and no man did more than he in the way of advancing and improving the service to which he belonged. With one of those qualities which so eminently distinguished NAPOLEON, General JACOB was highly gifted—the power of adapting circumstances to his will, and of creating what he needed out of the materials around him. This quality it was which made his career in India so remarkably successful. Self-reliant himself, he made those around him rely upon him. He created and disciplined a native force which is generally admitted to be the most efficient in India; he acquired such an ascendancy over them as to make them entirely subservient to his will, and during the whole of the momentous troubles which have been for the last two years agitating India, he never for a moment lost that ascendancy. In other respects, too, General JACOB did much for his profession; he made many improvements in fire-arms, especially in rifles, and has written some useful works upon that subject, and also upon the management of cavalry. General JACOB has been blamed for the eagerness with which he indoctrinated those who came within his sphere, with his general and non-professional opinions, which were eccentric. Be that as it may, however, a braver or a better soldier never served his country than JOHN JACOB, and we are quite sure that neither his country nor the Indian Government will suffer his memory to be forgotten. It may be not uninteresting to many of our readers to mention that General JACOB was brother to Dr. JACOB, now head-master of Christ's Hospital.

THE *Morning Post* prefers what appears to be a very well-grounded complaint, both on its own behalf and on behalf of all the other daily papers with the exception of the *Times*, against the French Telegraph Company. It appears that at the close of the MONTALEMBERT trial, on the 24th of November, the correspondents of the English papers handed in their dispatches to be forwarded to London. That belonging to the *Times* alone was sent; whilst those for the other papers were delayed some ten hours, so as to be precisely too late for publication next day. The excuses offered both by the officials and the French Minister of the Interior are very conflicting and unsatisfactory. Not less than five reasons are assigned, only one of which can be true; and we do not wonder that our injured contemporaries, bewildered by such a mass of falsehood, are unable to select the solitary grain of truth—if, indeed, any such may be found. The fact, however, is too obvious for concealment: a gross act of bribery has been offered to the Leviathan of the English press, at the expense of its fellows; and it remains to be seen whether it will be rejected with the same air of marked scorn that characterises its refusal of 1000*l.* bank notes or other similar trifles. To those who have been so constantly asserting that the *Morning Post* is in the pay of the Emperor, is the property of the French Government, and so forth, the incident may possibly supply material for a little instructive reflection.

WE must congratulate the Crystal Palace directors upon the success with which they have canvassed for such persons to fill the disagreeable office of judge to the Burns poems as would stand a chance of being regarded with respect by the majority of the competitors; although we must confess that that success has astonished us. Among the "winged words"

of the day have come many reports as to the list likely to be chosen; and we have felt no little alarm, not so much for the credit of the Crystal Palace Company, as for the credit of English literature throughout the world, when we heard some of the names mentioned. We question, however, if, were England polled round, a more thoroughly satisfactory tribunal could have been selected than Messrs. MONCKTON MILNES, TOM TAYLOR, and THEODORE MARTIN; and we are agreeably surprised to find that three such men have the generosity to dedicate themselves to such a task. As for their qualifications, it may be noted that all have names that stand well in literature, and all have practised poetry to an extent which renders them respectable as authorities, yet not so far as to make their judgments suspected as coming from the disciples of a school. Let the aspirants be assured that, whether their work comes under the inspection of the bard of "The Flight of Time," or the author of many an anonymous "Fytte of Rhyme" in the pages of *Punch*, or the jovial BOB GAULTIER himself, they will be honestly and justly dealt with. It may serve to give some idea of the portentous task which these gentlemen have undertaken, when we notify that no less than *six hundred* poems were sent in for judgment before the 1st of January. Imagine, if you can, six hundred poems—and, consequently, six hundred poets! all with their eyes "in a fine frenzy rolling!" And we, who thought that three or four poets were all that we could boast of in this middle of the nineteenth century,—what a miserable idea we have had of the activity of the *vis poetica*!

THE uses of Photography appear to be endless; and not the least agreeable one, as to its results, is promised in the prospectus of a very beautiful work shortly to be issued by Messrs. LOVELL REEVE and JOHN MOUNTENEY JEPHSON. These two gentlemen made a walking tour in Brittany, about the time when our Most Gracious Majesty and her faithful Commons visited Cherbourg. During this time, they collected a vast quantity of interesting notes, descriptive, social, historical, and antiquarian, and also a handsome collection of stereoscopic views—Mr. REEVE, as becomes his literary taste, seeing to the notes, and Mr. JEPHSON, having special gifts that way, taking the stereographs. And the result is, that the two are to be published together—Mr. REEVE's notes, and Mr. JEPHSON's stereographs—making in unison a very beautiful and useful work. When we state that ninety separate photographic slides, with box and lock and key complete, are to be issued with the book, the book-buyer will be prepared to hear that the price is a good round one. A similar experiment to this, on a smaller scale, was tried by Mr. REEVE in the matter of the Peak of Teneriffe, the success of which was quite sufficient to warrant this larger venture. It should be added also, for the benefit of less wealthy buyers, that the narrative of the journey will be purchaseable without the pictures.

WE are glad to receive special and reliable assurance that Mr. BENTLEY's long-talked-of and much anticipated *Quarterly Review* will make its appearance at the beginning of the month of February, with the rest of the magazines. We desire to give this all the more publicity, because a report has been spread abroad that the project has been abandoned, doubtless arising from the long delay which has taken place. To those, however, who know anything about the trouble and forethought necessary in making arrangements for so great an undertaking, this delay will not be the cause of such surprise. We understand that Mr. BENTLEY has spared neither pains nor expense in enlisting in his service the best available talent; so as to justify, as far as possible, the high expectations entertained of the new work.

ENGLISH LITERATURE.

BARTHOLOMEW FAIR.

Memoirs of Bartholomew Fair. By HENRY MORLEY. London: Chapman and Hall.

HISTORY may be considered as barely half-told. We have an abundance of political history; that kind of thing which deals exclusively with the dark doings of bureaucracy, with the intrigues that waste the money of a country, and interfere with its governmental aspect—in short with all that kind of history that details court and not country doings; that gives the thought and action of the sophisticated ruler; but leaves unrecorded all that belongs to the manners of the people ruled. Hence we know a great deal of the private thoughts and actions of sovereigns; but next to nothing of the general life of the populace. How gladly do we always welcome those traits when we catch them by chance in the ponderous historians who will not scruple to detail the masques of a court, but refuse to describe those of a carnival. It is singular to reflect how little we know of the sayings and doings of the millions who have covered this world of ours for ages. What were the aspects of the streets of old Thebes? How did the Ninevites and Babylonians amuse themselves? Were there tumblers and jugglers in the days of old to make the groundlings laugh? How looked the streets of Athens on the great days of festival there? and what was the aspect of Rome when it was mistress of

the world? We have the grandeur of its history in pompous folios, where shall we look for the meanness that lived with it. Cesar would step from his golden palace on the Palatine Hill, into the Forum, and his gorgeous train of attendants at once mix with as squalid a populace as the Pope may still find in the same locality; all as ready to beg for wherewith to live, and as glad to laugh a little of their care away at any public performance as they still are. Who shall tell what the motley scene of Rome's great streets exhibited, and all that mixed character of good and bad which characterises great towns. A history of the people of any country has not yet been written; yet it is the most varied, curious, and amusing history of all.

When Thespis mounted his cart, and showed a few admiring rustics a new art, they applauded and accepted it as a boon for themselves and their posterity. Yet how many centuries must elapse, how much continuous practice, how much outlay of thought and money occur, ere the cart of Thespis be transformed into the Italian Opera. Nations must rise and fall, the world must change; but the people must cling to their drama throughout; and add, and alter, and improve, but always labour; and this exponent of their pleasure gives us the truest test of their social condition. We should better understand general history, if we understood the popular mind of past ages. Rulers have always carefully studied it, and have trembled in

their palaces over a song or a jest which swayed the masses, feeling sure that the amusements of a nation may keep quiet, or be made to exasperate the many-headed multitude. A ridiculous song, almost as unmeaning as the "Nigger melodies" of the present day, did more mischief to the last of the Stuarts, according to Bishop Burnet, than any more solemn constitutional attack. "The whole people, and at last the army, were continually singing it." Its ridiculous chorus was the death-knell of his dynasty.

Bartholomew Fair may seem too low a subject for this peroration. It may be asked, what can there be worthy of record in the history of such an "institution?" It had sunk so low at last that its death was scarcely recorded; it was a nuisance when we were young, quietly got rid of as we got older. Why allude to it?

Seven hundred years had passed since that fair had been established. For all that long time it had represented a peculiar phase of England's living character. Surely the people must have given a deep impress to the scenes in Smithfield. Are we not to find something of their history in this great place of their resort? Shall we not know more of their feeling, and the hidden springs of popular action, if we look a little at what they did when they unbent themselves in this long-popular spot. Mr. Morley truly says: "a distinct chapter in social history should be contained in the story, rightly told, of any great national fair."

Our author has certainly taken up new ground in the work he has set himself to do. "This is not only the first history of Bartholomew Fair, but the first serious history of any fair; even the general subject of fairs, as far as I can learn, has never been thought worthy of a book." And he continues:

When I first resolved upon the writing of these Memoirs, I knew simply that Bartholomew Fair was an unwritten portion of the story of the people. Bound close to the life of the nation by the three ties of religion, trade, and pleasure, first came a time when the tide of religion was unloosened from it; then it was a place of trade and pleasure. A few few more generations having lived and worked, trade was no longer bound to it. The nation still grew, and at last broke from it even as a pleasure fair. It lived for seven centuries or more, and of its death we are the witnesses. Surely, methought, there is a story here; the memoirs of a fair do not mean only a bundle of handbills or a catalogue of monsters.

The older Disraeli (than whom no writer more carefully and clearly analysed literature) has devoted a chapter to a disquisition on prefaces; that portion of a book so rarely read, but so generally valuable, as giving us the key to an author's notion of the character and conduct of his own work. Mr. Morley, in his brief preface, has, as our extract shows, very clearly stated his own views of his subject, and has also very honestly expressed some fears of short-comings. Let it be our task now to see how he has laboured. In the outset we must object to somewhat of affectation in his "outside oration," as he terms it, which describes his book as if it was a Smithfield show; and there is a sort of Martin Tupper-ish grandiloquence where he fears "how dimly the soul of it glimmers through its substance." Our author's style is better than his prologue.

"The beginning of Bartholomew Fair was a grant from Henry I. to a monk, who had been formerly a jester," says the author, in the first lines of his opening chapter; and he then goes on to tell the tale in his own fashion. And here let no person imagine because the headline is in black letter, and the initial letter richly decorated and flowing down the entire page, that he is in the hands of an author devoted to a poetic sympathy with old times and old habits. He reads ancient history through very modern spectacles; and he tells his tale with an amount of disbelief, in miracles and mediæval monkery, that might bring an asphyxia to a Puseyite. The jester Rayer (or Rahere, as he has hitherto been called) turned monk, says our author, because it "paid" better—he "prospered greatly by his wise investment of the wit of a court jester in the speculation of a priory; and there can be no doubt, that if as a court wit he was lean, as a monk, according to the record, 'the skin of his tabernacle dilated.'" His conversion began by a journey to Rome, and probably by a study of the ease and high position of the clerical life; and he dreamed, or said he dreamed, that Bartholomew the Apostle directed him to build a church in his honour, in the suburbs of London, at Smithfield, which on his return (having first obtained the countenance of a bishop) he proposed to the King, and ultimately got permission to commence. The work flourished; and was happily launched into public favour by a series of miracles performed at its shrine. The wicked said that the new prior was merely a tactician, who went into the church as a new profession. Our author says, "We will here wickedly press against the holy prior no heavier slanders than one or two of the many anecdotes of his juggling—or of the wonders worked by St. Bartholomew for the establishment and enrichment of his house." So then the first juggling in Smithfield was of a spiritual kind. Our author gives many examples; they were successful in the innocent and credulous days of old; but there is not one of them that would deceive a schoolboy now; unless, indeed, he was brought up in the school of blind faith, which still has its defender among a few who feel their small minds could rule best in mediæval darkness.

One of these tales is so good a specimen of what the monkish chronicler of St. Bartholomew's priory seemed to think a pious miracle, that we will briefly narrate it. Rahere joined with himself an experienced old man, named Alfuin, who begged for the convent most assiduously; and when a certain surly butcher, named Godrich, would not contribute without cash for his meat, he assured him that every bit of meat he cut from a joint for the use of the monks should be the means of his quickly selling the remainder. We continue the story in our author's words:

The butcher cast a bit of meat into his vessel, and so bade the friar leave him; to which Alfuin answered: "I shall not go till my word and promise be fulfilled." He waited, therefore, in the shop until a man came, who bought from the heap of meat that had supplied the priory, and paid without questioning the price asked by the butcher. But Godrich had charged this customer for the meat taken by St. Bartholomew as well as for his own. "And from that time," says the saintly chronicler with much *univèrse*, "they began to be more prompt in giving their alms, and also fervent in devotion, and strained how they might prevent one another in giving;" that is to say (wickedly remarks our author), they competed for the sanctifying of extortion.

The founding of a monastery in the old times was, however, an advantage to the community at large. It improved a district, for its site was generally some good for nothing tract of land which its owner might be readily induced to part with "for his soul's health." Now this of St. Bartholomew was in marshy ground, literally worthless, on the very edge of that great swamp where Fitz Stephen tells us the boys of London held high revelry when frost set in, and skated by aid of sheep bones fixed to their feet, some of which have been exhumed in deep digging over Moorfields, and so corroborate the truth of the earliest record of London manners. Much of the waste marsh land along the Kentish and Essex coast of the Thames was in the same way reclaimed, and made of value even to our own times by the grants to the Abbots of Stepney, Lesnes, and Erith in the early days of Norman rule. The hungry poor were also provided for at the convent gate, which stood in the place of the modern poorhouse; while learning, banished from the castle of the warlike knight, reposed in the *scriptorium* of the monastery. We do not want these institutions now; and the resumption of any of their peculiarities is as absurd as it would be to attempt to supply the demand for a daily newspaper by the press arrangements of William Caxton. Yet we say all honour to William Caxton, and all honour to the old monks, but only as much as is their due!

Now Prior Rahere, like a prudent man, having got his site, erected his building, obtained his relics, secured his miracles, and so laid in as stock-in-trade a due amount of public faith in him, and his; cast about to obtain some grants that should be a property to his people. A fair was in those days a necessary market to which traders from all parts converged, and buyers met them. It became, therefore, an advantage to all who patronised such gatherings, and in the twelfth year of his prelate Rahere obtained from Henry the First the grant of a privilege to hold a yearly fair in the smooth field (our modern Smithfield) opposite his monastery. It granted "firm peace" to all men going to the fair; immunity to all traders there, forbidding any of the Royal servants "to implead any of their persons during the three days on which it was held, or to levy dues upon any going thither." So began Bartholomew Fair in 1133; and so it continued for nearly five centuries. It was useful as a market during all that time, and the wonders that some travelling showman or wandering juggler had to display were only small incidents in the course of its greater utilitarianism, when it lapsed into a mere medium of amusement. It had long outlived its time.

The earlier chapters of the present Memoirs are devoted to what it was when Rahere's immediate successors held sway as Priors of St. Bartholomew. It has considerable local interest, as it teaches us what London was like in those days; and must be respectfully read by all good Cockneys who would know the history of their fatherland. Our author takes a wide range in describing much that was done in old Smithfield, or what he imagines was done there by analogous doings elsewhere. This part of the book is not so original as it may appear, and as our author seems to think; nor does it, we think, follow that the pictures in the old decretals which he copies, are really what the monkish chronicler saw in Smithfield done by jugglers or actors in miracle plays. Truth to speak, he has very little upon which to found the first 120 pages of his book, and we find that the Memoirs suddenly jump to the year 1614, having by the way but a few stray memoranda of its earlier aspect. Then indeed we come upon a full and harmonious account by the hand of Ben Jonson, whose admirable comedy, which so minutely narrates its features when it had become an established pleasure fair, is the greatest, truest, and best picture of the fair preserved by the pen of any writer, ancient or modern. It is but due, however, to note that that most industrious recorder of daily memoranda, William Hone, has in his "Every Day-book" given a similar epitome of the "fun of the fair," in the days of surly Ben; and though in briefer form, we think more compactly and vividly than Mr. Morley has done. We rather wonder that our author has not given a specimen of the puppet play in the fifth act of the comedy; it is a genuine example of a "fair" absurdity, better worth quoting than Elkanah Settle's "Siege of Troy," from which trashy bombast we have very liberal extracts. Nor do we at all understand why so very much space should be occupied by such abundant transcripts from a kind of political drama called "A Bartholomew Fairing," but which has nothing whatever to do with the fair, except to borrow a popular title therefrom, nor does it in any way illustrate its peculiarities throughout the six-and-twenty pages of extract, which only really exhibits Puritanism as seen by the unfavourable eyes of the opposite party. The doings of the fair properly begin with chapter twelve of our author's history; there he commences his labours as an exact chronicler of what was to be seen there, with a descriptive advertisement of "a large and beautiful young camel from Grand Cairo, in Egypt." For the benefit of the unlearned in Natural History, it was added "this creature is twenty-three years old; his head and neck are like that of a deer," and he was "to be seen or sold at the first house on the pavement from the end of Hosier-lane, during Bartholomew Fair."

Our author now gets among printed records, and from 1651 downwards it is an *embarras du riche* with him, and very varied and amusing is the result. His pages abound with quotations from old songs, advertisements, and show bills, which contain an abundance of curious illustrations of the sights and scenes which delighted our forefathers in the yearly Saturnalias of Smithfield; and it aids us much to understand what they considered instructive or amusing in past time. We can trace the onward progress of the country in its yearly unbendings at Bartholomew Fair.

It was not only good gossiping Mr. Pepys of the Admiralty who waded through the mud of Smithfield to see what the showmen had provided for popular delectation, "even John Locke, the philosopher," our author says, "elbowed his way with the rest of the world in the crowd, as we find from one of his letters to John Strachy, of Bristol, dated from Cleves in 1664," and in which he irreverently compares the altar of the church there, as dressed up for Christmas, to a "perfect puppet-play, for the figures were of the same style and make that our English puppets are; and I am confident these shepherds and this Joseph are kin to that Judith and Holophernes which I had seen at Bartholomew Fair." These two great characters of Jewish history long kept in popular favour; for Setchell's fan-print of 1728 depicts Lee and Harper's great theatrical booth, with an announcement of the play of Judith's adventures as its chief attraction. The drama was, however, elevated from puppet performers to regular living actors; Judith herself being seated on the platform of the show in a magnificent dress, for the sake of making the groundlings stare at the richly-embroidered hoop-petticoat, the high head-dress, and ropes of false jewellery that captivated the wicked Holophernes, who strides toward her on the same fragile stage in the full costume of a Roman general, as Roman generals were supposed to dress by the *costumiers* of the days of Louis Quatorze.

We cannot give a sample of the concatenation of wonders that showmen imported for the pleasure of sightseers year by year to "Old St. Bartle" (as Ben Jonson calls it), they must be sought in our author's pages; and he has most industriously grouped them from a variety of sources, and arranged for consecutive order a mass of scattered material of a very curious kind. We owe something to showmen, honest hard-working drudges as they are, for a good deal of general information in days when no Zoological Societies held *salons*, and no Zoological Gardens induced us to walk and study "wonderful beasts." This paucity of real knowledge led to a credulous belief even in pig-faced ladies, and that has only slowly given way before reflective experiences. It is but comparatively a short time ago when the wood-engraver Bewick had to thank a travelling showman for the only chance he had of properly delineating a foreign beast. Wombwell was a great man even in our remembrance; and Mr. Cross emptied his caravan into the Surrey Zoological Gardens, finding the one in the Regent's Park a success. To the showmen even now we owe much; for what else but shows are the panoramas, the illustrated lectures, &c. &c. that we now crowd to see. They take the place of other things; improving their style with the general improvement.

The abundance of sights that awaited visitors must have been somewhat confusing; the half wild license which surrounded him still more so. Yet the heir-apparent of George II. did not scruple to make one of the number; and with reason, for here came the best amusements of the day as well as the humblest. Actors of the highest grade performed in the booths for the upper classes, while the learned pig was delighting the lower ones. An epitome of England was this fair, in its variety and its whim. Certainly it deserved its historian, who might have been gratefully commemorated in its past days of glory in the best gilt gingerbread—true type of the fair's character.

Our space cannot allow us, however we may wish it, to quote our author's amusing pages. It is impossible to give a notion of their contents without a large amount of extract. A few scraps, here and there, would but confuse the reader, and do an injustice to the abundant and curious accumulation our author has obtained. Yet, with all that he has done, he has by no means exhausted the subject. It would be possible to enlarge very greatly the latter portion of his volume, and give a much more complete picture of the varied "shows" which sought the "patronage of an enlightened British public;" and we think that Hone in his popular "Every-day Book" (not his "Year Book," as our author states) did give us a better general review of the Fair and its attractions for one year of its existence than our author has done. We believe Mr. Morley, having in his subject broken up "fresh fields and pastures new," would now, with the experience he has gained in putting his materials together, make a better book now it is finished than it is already. This is the fate of all authorship, particularly when so novel in its style.

It must not be conceived, or rather mis-conceived, that this is a merely childish subject, this Fair history; incidentally it leads to more than at first appears. We get glimpses of great names, and see many old acquaintances we are glad to recognise. It is pleasant to have Ben Jonson to show us the Fair in his day, and dissect so truly its humours. It is curious also to meet with as great a delineator of manners in Henry Fielding, who for many years was partner with Hippiusley in a theatrical booth, and superintended its dramas, in which the great Mrs. Pritchard supported the chief parts. But facts and persons crowd upon us, as we think over the history of the Fair since the days when "glorious Ben" dramatised its vagaries. Would that we had a few more such pleasant pen-photographers as he, to bequeath us pictures of its after-doings.

A few words on the woodcuts which enliven our author's pages, and we have done. We say them "with bated breath," and under fear of mortal offence to him, for he has vauntingly spoken of them as little short of perfection in his preface. Frankly, we think many of them are exhibitions of ill-placed labour, those after Rowlandson especially. It is painful to look upon the side of a booth or the boat of a swing elaborately crossed with fine lines to represent what would have been more clearly and usefully shown by a much less amount of useless labour. Nor does his cut of the "Mermaid" give the quaint and powerful feeling which pervades the original etching by Cruikshank; the copy is weak, uncertain in its drawing, and of very little use. The cut, p. 45, is a costly piece of work, delineating a fragment of a crypt, but denuded of any peculiarity of feature which should give it any claim to the honour of engraving at all.

LORD DUNDONALD IN SOUTH AMERICAN WATERS.

Narrative of Services in the Liberation of Chili, Peru, and Brazil, from Spanish and Portuguese Domination. By THOMAS, EARL OF DUNDONALD, K.C.B. London: J. Ridgway.

AS LONG as Englishmen shall continue to take interest in the exploits of the naval heroes of Great Britain, the name of Lord Dundonald—as Lord Cochrane we know him best—will never be forgotten. It carries us back to the most glorious days of our naval supremacy; when steam was not, and our ships were lumbering and ill-built, and nothing but hard fighting won the day. It is wonderful that this great sailor of the days when our seamen wore pigtails should be still among us, able to write with a vigorous pen this interesting chapter of his long eventful life. More than seventy years have passed since he first entered our navy. He was a sailor before Nelson, or Howe, or Jervis had won their laurels; when the great Napoleon was an obscure *sous-officier*; and the ancient French monarchy was still unshaken. He is old enough to have conversed with old General Oglethorpe, who was born in the year of our King James's abdication, and who fought under Marlborough in the days of Queen Anne. It is just sixty years since his dashing exploit off Cabrita Point first made his name known, and exactly half a century since his daring and most famous achievement in commanding the fire-ships which destroyed the French vessels of war in the Basque Roads. If a career so long and so distinguished has not been unchequered by painful circumstances, it is on the other hand not the least pleasing fact in Lord Dundonald's career that he has lived to see the calumnies once successfully heaped upon him altogether removed—that he has received a measure of justice which though tardy was happily not too late—and that he has now, and while still in full possession of bodily and intellectual vigour, received back all those honours which were so hardly earned, and so unjustly taken from him.

It was while under this temporary disgrace in the year 1817, that the Spanish government, then in trouble with its rebellious colonies in South America, made him an offer of high command in their navy, which Lord Cochrane declined. He was not inclined for that inactivity to which his own countrymen had condemned him; but his sword was not the weapon of a mere Swiss or "Free Lance." His desire was to join what he called the "Crusade of Liberty," either in the cause of Greece or of the South American people against their Spanish and Portuguese oppressors; and he accordingly accepted an offer from the new revolutionary government of Chili, and, in spite of threats of prosecution from our Government, set sail with Lady Cochrane to take his command of the few ships which formed the Chilean navy. It was a critical time for Chili; for the Spaniards had the command of the Pacific, and had a naval force at Callao of considerable strength. The fame of Lord Cochrane as a daring commander was known throughout the world, and the people of Valparaiso received him with delight.

Our reception, both from the authorities and the people, was enthusiastic, the supreme director, General O'Higgins, coming from the seat of government, Santiago, to welcome us. This excellent man was the son of an Irish gentleman of distinction in the Spanish service, who had occupied the important position of Viceroy of Peru. The son had, however, joined the patriots, and whilst second in command had not long before inflicted a signal defeat upon the Spaniards in the interior; in reward for which service the gratitude of the nation had elevated him to the Supreme Directorate. A variety of *fiestas* was given at Valparaiso in honour of our arrival, these being prolonged for so many days as to amount to a waste of time. The same scenes were, however, re-enacted at the distant capital, whether the Supreme Director insisted on taking us, till I had to remind his Excellency that our purpose was rather fighting than feasting. Nevertheless, the reception we had met impressed me with so high a sense of Chilean hospitality, that, heartbroken as I had been by the infamous persecution which had driven me from the British navy, I decided upon Chili as my future home; this decision, however, being only an exemplification of the proverb "*L'homme propose—Dieu dispose*."

The "Chilian Navy" consisted of about half-a-dozen carrying from sixteen to fifty-six guns; but the jealousies of the inferior officers, and the intrigues and machinations of a dishonest government, were far more serious obstacles to success. Nevertheless the British admiral hoisted his flag and put to sea, determined to do something. An incident of his departure must not be unquoted:

Lady Cochrane, with her children, had returned from Santiago to Valparaiso, to take leave of me on embarkation. She had just gone ashore, and the last gun had been fired to summon all hands on board, when, hearing a loud hurrah near the house where she resided, she went to the window and saw our little boy—now Lord Cochrane, but then scarcely more than five years old—mounted on the shoulders of my flag-lieutenant, waving his tiny cap over the heads of the people, and crying out with all his might, "*Viva la patria!*" the mob being in a frenzied state of excitement. The child had slipped out of Lady Cochrane's house with the officer, insisting on being carried to his father: with which request the lieutenant, nothing loth, complied. To the horror of Lady Cochrane, she saw her boy hurried down to the beach amidst the shouts of the multitude, and, before she could interfere, placed in a boat and rowed off to the flag-ship, which was at the time under weigh, so that he could

not be sent ashore again; there being no alternative but to take him with us, though without clothes—which were afterwards made for him by the sailors—and with no other attendance save that which their rough but kindly natures could administer.

With his small squadron he immediately attacked the Spanish force of more than four times his number and sheltered under batteries, and, although compelled to retire, the enemy did not in his astonishment venture to follow him:

In this action my little boy had a narrow escape. As the story has been told by several Chilean writers somewhat incorrectly, I will recapitulate the circumstances. When the firing commenced, I had placed the boy in my after-cabin, locking the door upon him; but not liking the restriction, he contrived to get through the quarter gallery window, and joined me on deck, refusing to go down again. As could not attend to him, he was permitted to remain, and, in a miniature midshipman's uniform, which the seamen had made for him, was busying himself in handing powder to the gunners. Whilst thus employed, a round shot took off the head of a marine close to him, scattering the unlucky man's brains in his face. Instantly recovering his self-possession, to my great relief, for believing him killed, I was spell-bound with agony, he ran up to me exclaiming, "I am not hurt, papa; the shot did not touch me." Jack says, the ball is not made that can kill manna's boy." I ordered him to be carried below; but resisting with all his might, he was permitted to remain on deck during the action. Our loss in this affair was trifling, considering that we were under the fire of more than two hundred guns; but the ships were so placed that the enemy's frigates lay between us and the fortress, so that the shot of the latter only told upon our rigging, which was considerably damaged. The action having been commenced in a fog, the Spaniards imagined that all the Chilean vessels were engaged, and were not a little surprised, as it again cleared, to find that their own frigate, the *quondam* Maria Isabella, was their only opponent. So much were they dispirited by this discovery, that as soon as possible after the close of the contest, their ships of war were dismantled, the topmasts and spars being formed into a double boom across the anchorage so as to prevent approach.

After flying about the coast for a short time, making prizes and inflicting various injuries upon the Spaniards, the Admiral determined to make another upon their stronghold at Callao, which became one of the most celebrated of his deeds in that region. The design was to cut out the *Esmeralda* frigate from under the very guns of the batteries, and also to seize another ship containing a million of dollars; the admiral being of opinion that if such a display of power were manifested, the Spaniards would either surrender the capital or abandon it:

The enterprise was hazardous, for since my former visit the enemy's position had been much strengthened, no less than 300 pieces of artillery being mounted on shore, whilst the *Esmeralda* was crowded with the best sailors and marines that could be procured, these sleeping every night at quarters. She was, moreover, defended by a strong boom with chain moorings, and by armed blockships, the whole being surrounded by twenty-seven gun-boats, so that no ship could possibly get at her.

Lord Dundonald thus describes this celebrated expedition:

A hundred and sixty seamen and eighty marines were selected, and after dark were placed in fourteen boats alongside the flag-ship, each man armed with cutlass and pistol, being, for distinction's sake, dressed in white, with a blue band on the left arm. The Spaniards I expected would be off their guard, as, by way of *ruse*, the other ships had been sent out of the bay under the charge of Captain Foster, as though in pursuit of some vessels in the offing, so that the Spaniards would consider themselves safe from attack for that night. At ten o'clock all was in readiness, the boats being formed in two divisions, the first commanded by my flag-captain Crosbie, and the second by Captain Guise, my boat leading. The strictest silence, and the exclusive use of cutlasses, were enjoined; so that, as the oars were muffled, and the night dark, the enemy had not the least suspicion of the impending attack. It was just upon midnight when we neared the small opening left in the boom, our plan being well-nigh frustrated by the vigilance of a guard-boat, upon which my launch had luckily stumbled. The challenge was given, upon which, in an under-tone, I threatened the occupants of the boat with instant death if they made the least alarm. No reply was made to the threat, and in a few minutes our gallant fellows were alongside the frigate in line, boarding at several points simultaneously. The Spaniards were completely taken by surprise—the whole, with the exception of the sentries, being asleep at their quarters—and great was the havoc made amongst them by the Chilean cutlasses whilst they were recovering themselves. Retreating to the fore-castle, they there made a gallant stand, and it was not until the third charge that the position was carried. The fight was for a short time renewed on the quarter-deck, where the Spanish marines fell to a man, the rest of the enemy leaping overboard and into the hold to escape slaughter. On boarding the ship by the main chains I was knocked back by the butt end of the sentry's musket, and, falling on a thole pin of the boat, it entered my back near the spine, inflicting a severe injury, which caused me many years of subsequent suffering. Immediately regaining my footing I reascended the side, and when on deck, was shot through the thigh; but binding a handkerchief tightly round the wound, managed, though with great difficulty, to direct the contest to its close. The whole affair, from beginning to end, occupied only a quarter of an hour, our loss being eleven killed and thirty wounded, whilst that of the Spaniards was a hundred and sixty, many of whom fell under the cutlasses of the Chileños before they could stand to their arms. Greater bravery I never saw displayed than that of our gallant fellows. Before boarding the duties of all had been appointed, and a party was told off to take possession of the tops. We had not been on deck a minute when I hailed the fore-top, and was instantly answered by our own men, an equally prompt answer being returned from the frigate's main-top. No British man-of-war's crew could have excelled this minute attention to orders. The uproar speedily alarmed the garrison, who, hastening to their guns, opened fire on their own frigate, thus paying us the compliment of having taken it; though, even in this case, their own men must still have been on board, so that firing on them was a wanton proceeding, as several Spaniards were killed or wounded by the shot of the fortress, and amongst the wounded was Captain Coig, the commander of the *Esmeralda*, who, after he was made prisoner, received a severe contusion by a shot from his own party. The fire from the fortress was, however, neutralised by a successful expedient. There were two foreign ships of war present during the contest—the United States frigate *Macedonian*, and the British frigate *Hyperion*; and these, as previously agreed on with the Spanish authorities in case of a night attack, hoisted peculiar lights as signals to prevent being fired upon. This contingency being provided for by us, as soon as the fortress commenced its fire on the *Esmeralda*, we also ran up similar lights, so that the garrison became puzzled which vessel to fire at; the intended mischief thus involving the *Hyperion* and the *Macedonia*, which were several times struck, the *Esmeralda* being comparatively untouched. Upon this the neutral frigates cut their cables and moved away; whilst Captain Guise, contrary to my orders, cut the *Esmeralda*'s cables also, so that there was nothing to be done but to loose her topsails and follow, the fortress then ceasing its fire. My orders were not to cut the cables of the *Esmeralda*; but, after taking her, to capture the *Maypu*, a brig of war previously taken from Chili, and then to attack and cut adrift every ship near, there being plenty of time before us, no doubt existing but that when the *Esmeralda* was taken, the Spaniards would desert the other ships as fast as their boats would permit them, so that the whole might either have been captured or burned. To this end all my previous plans had been arranged; but, on being placed *hors de combat* by my wounds, Captain Guise, on whom the command of the prize devolved, chose to interpose his own judgment, and content himself with the *Esmeralda* alone, cutting her cables without my orders; the reason assigned being that the English had broken into her spirit-room and were getting drunk, whilst the Chileños were disorganised by plundering.

The "cutting out" of the *Esmeralda* has always been considered as one of the most dashing of the admiral's many exploits of the kind: but Lord Cochrane was an amphibious warrior, and was as little afraid of land fortifications as of fire-ships and wooden walls. Next in im-

portance among his deeds in this part of the world was his capture of Valdivia—a place of immense strength guarded by a numerous garrison of Spanish troops, and only to be approached from the sea by a long and narrow channel, commanded by fortifications crossing their fire in all directions. To land here except at one small spot was impossible, by reason of the surf; but the admiral determined to attack the place with the ridiculously small number of about three hundred men; with these, keeping strictly his own counsel, he set sail, the expedition consisting of only three ships. His officers were brave men, and when, fairly at sea, he communicated to them his plans, they displayed "great eagerness in the cause—alone questioning their success from motives of prudence." But Lord Cochrane's maxim was that *unexpected* projects, if energetically put in execution, almost invariably succeed in spite of odds. The expedition, however, very nearly came to a premature end. The flagship, while in command of an inferior officer, ran upon the sharp edge of a rock, where she lay beating, suspended as it were upon her keel. After a panic, an address from the Admiral, and immense labour the ship was got off but with such a leak that it was only by incessant working at the pumps that she could be kept from foundering, they being more than forty miles from shore, and the two other ships out of sight. The admiral, however, determined to go on. The powder magazine had been under water, and the ammunition of every kind, except a little upon deck and in the cartouch-boxes of the troops, was rendered useless; but about this, says Lord Dundonald, I cared little, as it involved the necessity of using the bayonet in our anticipated attack; and to facing this weapon the Spaniards had, in every case, evinced a rooted aversion. At length their destination was reached, and the hero of the expedition thus continues his narrative. They had reached the only landing place:

It was to this landing place that we first directed our attention, anchoring the brig and schooner off the guns of Fort Ingles, on the afternoon of February 3rd, amidst a swell which rendered immediate disembarkation impracticable. The troops were carefully kept below; and, to avert the suspicion of the Spaniards, we had trumped up a story of our having just arrived from Cadiz, and being in want of a pilot: upon which they told us to send a boat for one. To this we replied that our boats had been washed away in the passage round Cape Horn. Not being quite satisfied, they began to assemble troops at the landing place, firing alarm guns, and rapidly bringing up the garrisons of the western forts to Fort Ingles, but not molesting us. Unfortunately for the credit of the story about the loss of the boats, which were at the time carefully concealed under the lee of the vessels, one drifted astern, so that our object became apparent, and the guns of Fort Ingles, under which we lay, forthwith opened upon us, the first shots passing through the sides of the *Intrepido* and killing two men, so that it became necessary to land in spite of the swell. We had only two launches and a gig, into which I entered to direct the operation, Major Miller, with forty-four marines, pushing off in the first launch, under the fire of the party at the landing place, by which the coxswain being wounded, the Major had to take the helm, and whilst doing this, received a ball through his hat, grazing the crown of his head. Ordering a few only of his party to fire, the whole leaped ashore at the landing place, driving the Spaniards before them at the point of the bayonet. The second launch now pushed off from the *Intrepido*, and, in this way, in less than an hour, three hundred men had made good their footing on shore. The most difficult task—the capture of the forts—was to come; the only way in which the first Fort Ingles, could be approached being by a precipitous path, along which the men could only pass in single file; the fort itself being inaccessible except by a ladder, which the enemy, after being routed by Major Miller, had been drawn up. As soon as it was dark a picked party, under the guidance of one of the Spanish prisoners, silently advanced to the attack, expecting to fall in with a body of the enemy outside the fort, but all having re-entered, our men were unopposed. This party having taken up its position, the main body moved forward, cheering and firing in the air, to intimate to the Spaniards that their chief reliance was on the bayonet. The enemy, meanwhile, kept up an incessant fire of artillery and musketry in the direction of the shouts, but without effect, as no aim could be taken in the dark. Whilst the patriots were thus noisily advancing, a gallant young officer, Ensign Vidal—who had previously distinguished himself at Santa—got under the inland flank of the fort, and with a few men contrived unperceived to tear up some palisades, by which a bridge was made across the ditch, whereby he and his small party entered and formed noiselessly under cover of some branches of trees which overhung it, the garrison directing their whole attention to the shouting patriots in an opposite direction. A volley from Vidal's party convinced the Spaniards that they had been taken in flank.

Without waiting to ascertain the number of those who had outflanked them they instantly took to flight, filling with a like panic a column of three hundred men, drawn up behind the fort. The Chileans, who were now well up, bayoneted them by dozens, in their efforts to gain the other forts, which were open to receive them; the patriots thus entering at the same time, and driving them from fort to fort into the Castle of Corral, together with two hundred more, who had abandoned some guns advantageously placed on a height at Fort Chorocoma. The Corral was stormed with equal rapidity, a number of the enemy escaping in boats to Valdivia, others plunging into the forest, whilst upwards of a hundred, besides officers, fell into our hands, the like number being found bayoneted on the following morning. Our loss was seven men killed and nineteen wounded. The Spaniards had, no doubt, regarded their position as impregnable, which, considering its difficulty of access and almost natural impenetrability, it ought to have been if properly defended. They had only found out their error when too late, thus justifying my former remark to the military officers, that an attack where least expected is almost invariably crowned with success. Much less had the Spaniards calculated on a night attack, the most favourable of all to the attacking party, as necessitating unity of action, and the least favourable of all to the party attacked, as inspiring doubt and panic, almost certain to end in irresolution and defeat. The garrison consisted of the Cantabria regiment of the line, numbering about eight hundred, with whom was associated a militia of upwards of a thousand. The booty which fell into our hands, exclusive of the value of the forts and public buildings, was considerable, Valdivia being the chief military depot in the southern part of the continent. Amongst the military stores were upwards of 1000 cwt. of gunpowder; 10,000 cannon shot, of which 2500 were brass; 170,000 musket cartridges; a large quantity of small arms; 128 guns, of which 53 were brass, and the remainder iron; the ship *Dolores*, afterwards sold at Valparaiso for 20,000 dollars, with public stores, also sold for the like value; and plate, of which General Sanchez had previously stripped the churches of Concepcion, valued at 16,000 dollars.

The Chileans, late so despondent, had now no longer anything to fear of Spanish power: but the successful admiral met with but little gratitude. His prize-money was withheld, his crew unclothed and starved, and left for twelve months unpaid, and he himself made the victim of numberless intrigues instigated by petty jealousy. Ashore, lawlessness and violence made Chili no pleasant place for Lady Cochrane,—she had retired into the interior on account of ill health, where she narrowly escaped being seized by the Royalists, by a precipitate flight. The warning of her danger reached her at a ball. Instantly placing her child in a palanquin, with its nurse, she changed her dress, and started on horseback at night, protected by a guard. The narrative of her flight is interesting:

Travelling all night and the following day without intermission, the party came to one of those swollen torrents which can only be crossed by a frail bridge made of cane rope, a proceeding of extreme danger to those who are not well accustomed to the motion produced by its elasticity. Whilst the party was debating as to how to get the palanquin over, the sound of a Royalist bugle was heard close at hand. Lady Cochrane sprang to the palanquin, and, taking out her suffering infant, rushed on to the bridge, but when near the centre, the vibration became so great that she was compelled to lie down, pressing the child to her bosom—being thus suspended over the foaming torrent beneath, whilst in its state of vibration no one could venture on the bridge. In this perilous situation Pedro, the faithful soldier of whom mention has been previously made, seeing the imminent danger of her Ladyship, begged of her to lie still, and as the vibration ceased, crept on his hands and knees towards her Ladyship, taking from her the child, and imploring her to remain motionless, when he would bring her over in the same way; but no sooner had he taken the child than she followed, and happily succeeded in crossing, when the ropes being cut, the torrent was interposed between her and her pursuers.

Lady Cochrane was, however, no drawing-room lady of delicate nerves, though perhaps a little less accustomed than her gallant husband to the smoke and roar of sea-battle. Here is a picture of her, amid a scene which few ladies have taken part in:

Having reached the coast in safety, Lady Cochrane came down to me at Callao. Whilst she was on board I received private information that a ship of war laden with treasure was about to make her escape in the night. There was no time to be lost, as the enemy's vessel was such an excellent sailor that, if once under weigh, beyond the reach of shot, there was no chance of capturing her. I therefore determined to attack her, so that Lady Cochrane had only escaped one peril ashore to be exposed to another afloat. Having beat to quarters, we opened fire upon the treasure ship and other hostile vessels in the anchorage, the batteries and gun-boats returning our fire, Lady Cochrane remaining on deck during the conflict. Seeing a gunner hesitate to fire his gun, close to which she was standing, and imagining that his hesitation from her proximity might, if observed, expose him to punishment, she seized the man's arm, and directing the match fired the gun. The effort was, however, too much for her, as she immediately fainted and was carried below. The treasure vessel having been crippled, and the gun-boats beaten off, we left off firing and returned to our former anchorage, Lady Cochrane again coming on deck. As soon as the sails were furled, the men in the tops, and the whole crew on deck, no doubt by preconcerted arrangement, spontaneously burst forth with the inspiring strains of their national anthem.

Disgusted with Chilian ingratitude the gallant admiral, after taking an active part in the operations by which Peru was "liberated," accepted the command of the Brazilian navy, still carrying on the "Crusade of Liberty." But the Brazilians he found no more grateful than other South Americans. The meanness, the frauds and prevarications of the various revolutionary governments filled him with disgust, and after nearly seven years' service, during which he had been mainly instrumental in the total overthrow of Spanish and Portuguese domination throughout the South American continent, he returned to England—with nothing but a name renowned for daring deeds of seamanship—for not even the prize-money to which he was entitled was ever paid. The liberation of Chili and Peru, says Lord Dundonald, "was achieved at a heavy pecuniary sacrifice to myself." It was not till after thirty years that the Chilian government voted him six thousand pounds in full of all claims, a sum which did not amount to one-third of the expense to which the admiral was subjected on his return to England from the litigation in which he was involved on account of the seizure of vessels under the orders of the Chilian government.

Lord Dundonald promises, if his life be spared yet a little longer, to add to these memoirs a narrative of his earlier services in the British navy—a history not only of what he did, but of what, being no Tory in the days when Toryism was the only good thing, he was "not permitted to effect." As Englishmen this concerns us more closely than the subject matter of these two volumes. There are chapters in the great book of British naval heroism which, if not written by this brave old seaman, must be lost for ever; and we shall, therefore, look forward with interest to the fulfilment of this promise.

A BATCH OF NEW NOVELS.

Onwards. By the Author of "Anne Dysart." Hurst and Blackett.
An Old Debt. By FLORENCE DAWSON. Smith, Elder, and Co.
Home and the Homeless. By CECILIA MARY CADDELL. T. C. Newby.

The Verneys; or, Chaos Dispelled. A Tale of Genius and Religion. By Miss CAROLINE MARY SMITH. Arthur Hall, Virtue, and Co.
The History of Moses Wimble: his Remarkable Adventures, Humour, Philosophy, Course of True Love, and Extraordinary Good Fortune. A Prose, Dramatic, and Lyrical Epic. Written by Himself. Charles J. Skeet.

WITHOUT pretending to draw any moral from the curious variety, both in form and substance, noticeable in this batch of new novels, we shall proceed to dissect each in the manner most fitted to its merit and character. Perhaps the best way of giving an idea of these, as regards the first work on the list, will be to lay before the reader a brief statement of the story on which it is founded. James Carver and Honor Sky are the children of poor parents in the village of Dredham. The girl is an orphan, hardly treated by her uncle's wife. Her childhood is spent amidst the trials of poverty; but yet not without a touch of poetry is the childish faith of the little maiden described, who has already learned to recognise God in her own simple, earnest way, and early develops an affectionate love for the beauties of nature which surround her. She remains, in fact, through life, one of Milton's silent poets. It is necessary to remember this element, in making an estimate of the character of the girl, because it places her above worldliness and the meaner vices which follow in its train. Honor's first rudiments of learning were gained at a dame's school. Accident removes her to the neighbouring town, Thornbury. Her playmate, the boy, contrives to follow her thither;—a sharp, clever child, cunning and selfish, with a precocious desire

to advance himself in the world. This little urchin throws himself on the old aunt of Honor, and manages, through her solicitations, to get admitted into Thornbury school. Having succeeded in his desire, he applies himself to arithmetic, which appears to his mind the "one thing needful;" is favourably noticed by the school inspector, and passes on to a higher grade of instruction; and after many intermediate steps, which serve for the development of his character, we lose sight of him for a time, until he reappears on the scene elevated into the position of a railway clerk. The career of Honor Sky runs parallel with that of the boy for some time. She passes through many trials and troubles; residing for a time with a certain Miss Warmesley, to qualify as pupil teacher in the national school. This affords the author an opportunity of enlarging upon her views as to the difficulties in the way of educating a rural population.

While Honor is at Derringham, she is befriended by a very good and charming young lady, the daughter of the squire. Mary Hurst is engaged to Frank Austen, whose acquaintance the reader has made in the first pages of the book. The old proverb about the course of "true love" is verified in this instance, and we are for some time kept in anxiety respecting his fate. After spending twelve years in the colonies, Frank Austen returns, marries his ladylove, and is made Vicar of Thornbury, in the place of Mr. Wintrop deceased.

Meantime, Honor Sky has been appointed the mistress of Thornbury school, which, from the apathy of the late vicar, has fallen into a sad condition. The work of restoration, indeed regeneration, has to be commenced both in the church and in the school—in the material structure and in the people. Politics run high at Thornbury. Mr. Austen is expected to take a part; declines, and gains abuse from both sides. Whilst the politics of this place are thus developing themselves, Honor Sky again meets with the companion of her childish days, James Carver, now a railway clerk, with a head full of schemes, and principles of the most elastic description. Their intimacy is renewed. Success apparently attends the young man; his shrewdness in business transactions gains for him a position in administering the affairs of the railway company. Placed in this position, he has naturally great opportunities for speculation, which he does not neglect, and thus lays the foundation of a fortune. Presently we hear that he is building a house, and has ambitious projects connected with the borough and Parliament. James professes love for Honor, and the schoolmistress, after some demur, consents. Almost on the eve of marriage, however, Carver alarms his betrothed, by betraying the part he has taken in some commercial transaction. Honor's eyes are opened to his character, and renounces him when she finds that he has been connected with schemes that honesty could not indorse. A period of much mental suffering naturally follows this excitement, and it is not till after some time that she can resume her duties.

After this Honor has another lover, rich and well born; but she rejects him, wisely as it turns out. Her troubles are by no means over. Scandal attacks her name, only however to be speedily cleared up. Events now follow thick and fast, with all the apparent inconsequence of real life, though arranged with no small dramatic power by the author of *Onwards*. The dénouement is naturally one in which the happiness of the heroine is consulted. When we take leave of her she still holds the position of schoolmistress. She has dedicated herself to her work. To succeed in dispelling the mists of ignorance—to awaken the spiritual natures of the children of poor and humble people, is the great good work she has appointed herself. The author of *Onwards* has done well to form her heroine in this mould. The conception of Honor's character is a noble one. The contemplation of it may help to sustain those who are working on in the simpleness of their own minds—who have aimed at something which is not represented by worldly prosperity—to such persons, and there are many in the world, this book will be most welcome. To such thinkers and doers, the whole development of Honor's character will have a significance far deeper than it may possibly present to the ordinary reader.

The career of James Carver is a satire upon the speculators of the day, whose success we sometimes confound with the noble efforts of industry, or the power of inborn genius, either of which will raise men from the lowest to the highest sphere. James Carver is one of those impure natures which rise on the surface, because society is stirred by a craving after exorbitant gains. If the community at large will encourage speculations which, as individuals, their honesty condemns, we shall continue to the end of the chapter to see men like Carver, whose success is a disgrace to society, and whose example is a snare.

The author of *Onwards* writes with singular earnestness—a medium through which appeal is always made to our best sympathies. The humour of the book will be relished by many who have known parochial work, and the difficulties which nearly every one encounters who attempts local improvements and reform. *Onwards* well exemplifies the ubiquity of that "Old Adam" which truth has to battle with in every sphere of life. The lovers of novelty will find it a book quite other than the conventional heroes and heroines of the circulating library; and under this guise the career of "Honor Sky," the National Schoolmistress, may find grateful acceptance from those who may not be unworldly enough to measure the character by its highest standard.

It is easy to see that *An Old Debt* comes from the "prentice hand" of an unskilled though promising aspirant to the honours of fiction writing. The characters are unnatural, and there is a too constant

straining after dramatic effect; yet some of the scenes are conceived and executed with great power, and the character of Ellen Scudamore, the heroine, provokes and charms us alternately in a manner perfectly feminine. Conceive, however, the views of life formed by a young lady capable of conceiving a story like this. Ellen and Frederick Scudamore are two wealthy orphans, bequeathed by their father to the care of his old friend, Lord Conyngford. Ellen is a clever, wayward young lady; clever to the extent of emulating Lady Jane Grey in her admiration for Plato, and wayward even to impertinence towards her cool, sedate guardian, Lord Conyngford, and to insolence towards his guests and dependants—more particularly towards one of the latter, a certain Mr. Edward Young. At last, however, one of the young lady's escapades—it is an harangue, in open drawing-room, apologetic of adultery—breaks down all the boundaries of Lord Conyngford's patience, who straightway takes her to his study and gives her such a rating that she is suddenly transported with admiration at a man capable of giving her such a moral shaking. This is a very revolutionary change for a young lady of nineteen; but what is more strange is, that the grave and matured Lord Conyngford—a granitic specimen of the peerage, some forty-five years old—suddenly falls in love with naughty wayward ward. Here is a pretty way of going on for a hereditary legislator of that mature age:

"Listen for a moment. You think me cold, I know; but I was not always so. Twenty years ago I loved a woman with my whole heart. One does not have such feeling twice in a lifetime—" He stopped and passed his hand across his eyes. What a love must that have been, since the recollection of it had such power over him! Not a love that could stop to reflect whether its object would make a good mistress for the head of his table. "I believe, Ellen," he went on more calmly, "that all the energy was concentrated into that feeling which is diffused throughout the whole lives of most men: at least I did believe it, till lately. And when it was all in vain, I had nothing to fall back upon. My heart seemed literally dead, and since then I have cared for nothing but public affairs. But since I have known you, I am aware that there is something in me that business cannot absorb entirely—that there has been a blank in my life. I never regretted it, because I hardly knew it; but now—oh my little Nell, is this, too, in vain?" Such tender pleading was in his voice! She could scarcely believe it was her guardian who spoke.

The young lady is, however, not the one to yield at the first assault, even though the besieger be a peer of the realm. She must have time to think of it; to which end she is sent on a continental trip, with her brother Fred and his tutor, Edward Young. And now there turns out to be a mystery about this same Mr. Edward Young, who at first appears to be a very excellent young gentleman, of a strong will, good talents, and a vocation for holy orders. When they get into Italy what do the young gentleman and Miss Ellen do but, after quarrelling tremendously for some weeks—they fall in love with each other. The young tutor is, however, aware of his patron's suit, and so resolves to sacrifice his own passion. There is, however, another reason for this. Edward Young's father and Lord Conyngford have been rivals in the love of the same woman, Edward Young's mother. The poor parson that time carried the day against the peer; and as he afterwards turned out a very bad husband, and thrashed his wife, who would have been lost over and over again but for the opportune appearance of Lord Conyngford upon the scene in the character of guardian angel, it is thought right that Edward Young shall pay "the old debt" of giving up the girl he loves to the middle-aged peer, his father's old rival. The end is sad enough. Edward Young, misunderstood by his patron until too late, dies miserably in a wretched French inn; Frederick Scudamore dies of consumption; the Elysium reserved for Helen is nothing but that heaven of barley-sugar and tarlatane which can only be enjoyed to perfection at Belgravia and in the arms of the British peerage. When Florence Dawson next takes up pen into her hand with the intention of painting a picture, let her apply her talents, which are decidedly considerable, to the task of copying nature—not such phantoms of the brain as these.

The characters in *Home and the Homeless* are, if possible, even more unnatural than those in the preceding story. Mr. Sutherland, the principal figure in the novel, is a villain after the old stock kind—rich, remorseless, and remarkably handsome. Why are fashionable villains invariably handsome, and vulgar ones the reverse? Mr. Sutherland kidnaps a child, whose discovery would dispossess him of a fortune, and hands her over to a scoundrel of "the lower orders" to be brought up among tramps and thieves. A protecting genius, such as reminds us powerfully of the fate of Bulwer's "Alice," interferes, however, to prevent the consummation of this desperate piece of rascality; and after many scenes, which appear to have been inspired during a waking nightmare after reading "Pelham" and "Oliver Twist" (from the latter novel Fagan's school for pickpockets is taken bodily), Mr. Sutherland dies by his own hand, and the rightful heiress comes "to her own." As the subject for a drama of the highly spiced kind, we recommend *Home and the Homeless* to the purveyors for our transpontine stage.

Why or how Chaos comes to be dispelled because Gabriel Verney, the son of a French lacemaker, leaves his home surreptitiously, and, after neglecting his relatives in a most heartless manner for many years, becomes a successful picture dealer and the father of a very beautiful and eccentric girl, it is impossible to say; nor do we feel very much enlightened upon the subject after a careful perusal of the single volume in which the story is told. The following not very lucid explanation of the mystery, vouchsafed in the preface, certainly does not help us much in our way:

Since "chaos" conveys an idea of incongruity, of confusion, or of obscurity, as the case may be, and there is appended unto it the word "dispelled," forming in total a problem, promising verbose solution, it is best to set forth on the threshold that there

is in the following story simply a purpose in its progress to build a superstructure of three component parts. First, the natural talent and ability, which are an inheritance from the birth; secondly, the fair morality, which of itself enhances the earlier gift of God; thirdly, the religious element, which perfects the anterior elements in the character of Gabriel Verney.

Perhaps nothing—certainly no analysis of ours—could better convey an idea of the style and matter of this curious book than the above extract. It is hazy and unreal, and its purpose nowhere very clearly apparent. Gabriel Verney, who is intended for the hero of the tale, is at all times an unsatisfactory character. Occasionally the author endeavours to prove for him the possession of two very noble impelling principles—thirst for knowledge, and an aspiration after religious truth; yet by his actions she never, except at the very end of his life, when rich men usually set about examining the other side of their account—proves him to be anything but an eminently selfish sensualist. For the movement of the story, it is inconsequential enough to be a real biography, which is, however, emphatically denied. The episode towards the end of the volume, respecting the loves of Hector Carew and Florence Verney, is even more hazy than the preceding part. Had more space been given for its development, perhaps it might have gone far to redeem what is really a very perplexing, we may almost say uncomfortable, book.

But certainly the most extraordinary of all this batch of new fiction, is the story of Mr. Moses Wimble; of whom, it may be said, that if one-tenth of what he relates of himself be true, he amply substantiates the old saw, that "truth is stranger than fiction." We cannot trust ourselves to give a very definite account of this curious book, the rather as Mr. Wimble has, in several places, thrown sops to the critical Cerberus, by paying such compliments to the abilities of reviewers in journals as will doubtless cause many a blush to mantle upon the cheeks of our modest confrères. The story, if story it can be called, appears to be cut after the quaint fashion of "Roderick Random," or "Peregrine Pickle," all the eccentricities of the style being, however, considerably magnified. In order to give some idea of the absurd effects brought about by this, we subjoin a few specimens of Mr. Wimble's narrative.

HOW HE CAME TO BE BORN AND NAMED.

I was born in the parish of St. Peter of Mancroft, in the city of Norwich, some time in the reign of his Majesty King William the Fourth. The house wherein I was born still stands, and is a curiosity in its way. Just before my birth, my mother had perused the "Vicar of Wakefield," and had taken a singular fancy to Moses Wakefield therein depicted. "My dear William," says my mother to my father, "should I present you with a son, may he be christened Moses Wakefield Wimble?"

My father laughed heartily.
"Because I admire the name so," says my mother.
"Well," says my father, laughing, "Moses is not a bad name, but Wakefield—" "I call it a most delightful name," says my mother.
"Well, my little pansy, we'll come to terms yet," says my father.
"What do mean?" says my mother laughing.
"Why," says my father, "throw Wakefield to the dogs, and call him only Moses." My mother hesitated.
"Juliet?" says my father.
"Well," says my mother.
"Suppose it should be a daughter."
"Son or daughter I shall be very happy," says my mother.
"I have it," cries my father, "if a son—Moses; if a daughter—Wakefield?" "I agree!" my mother cried, triumphantly, and my father instantly sealed the agreement with a kiss.
I was born and Moses called.

MOSES GETS FLOGGED AT SCHOOL.

"Wibble," said the Doctor, "I wish to be just; d'ye hear: I whipped that boy yesterday for deceiving me, and now, Sir, I must whip you for the same thing."
"I beg your pardon, Sir, I have not deceived—" "Silence!" he shouted, "you have, Sir! you said he threw water over me first, Sir, by which you meant, Wibble, that he did so wilfully."
"Sir, I—" "Silence, Sir! you cannot deceive me, Sir! Now take your whipping."
"Sir, you promised my uncle not to flog me."
"Bah!" shouted the Doctor, "that was a mere matter of form. We always do it. All sorts of things are done under the rose, Sir. Sub rosarum, aint it?"
"Yes, Sir," I replied, unwittingly.
"Ha!" said the Doctor, "your knowledge of Latin is profound, Sir. Now, then, take your whipping."
So saying, Doctor Doublebull seized me with his left hand, and seized his cane with his right hand. He then thoroughly caned me, observing (because I roared not) that I was thick skinned or obstinate, so I thought it good policy to roar lustily, which I did.
"There's a Prince Hal!" he exclaimed, "if I was to cane you until I sheathed my rod for lack of argument, I should cane you till doomsday, Sir."
"Mercy on us!" exclaimed a female voice, "you'll kill the boy."
"My dear," replied the Doctor, "you're soft—go and wallow on the sofa."
"I am ashamed of you!" said the lady, who was Mrs. Doublebull.
"Bah!" roared the Doctor, "get away!"

There is a half-crazed soldier, nicknamed Whistling Will, who has more ballads and less sense than David Gellatly, thus proving that even in a drama entirely enacted by crazy persons, it is possible to make some one of them conspicuous by the enormous exaggeration of his craziness.

CAMBRIDGE ESSAYS.

Cambridge Essays, contributed by Members of the University. 1858. Concluding the Series. London: John W. Parker and Son.

AFTER AN EXISTENCE of four years the *Cambridge Essays* voluntarily expire, not in a "blaze of triumph," but with a mild radiance befitting the serenity of their dawn and career. Whether their extinction is due to commercial causes or to a consciousness that the experiment has been tried often enough, and whether or not the "Oxford Essays" are to survive the decease of their Cambridge literary brethren, we are not informed. But even if both die, a new Phoenix is to arise from their ashes. In plain prose, we are promised by the publishers of the Oxford and Cambridge Essays, a volume of "Essays and Reviews," to embrace, seemingly, contributions from

leading members of both Universities. No doubt, if due encouragement be given, the Messrs. Parker will continue to bestow a definite local habitation, if not a name, on the utterances of the academic mind.

There are two points of view from which a series, like this of the Cambridge Essays, may be regarded. They have a double interest; one local, so to speak, the other general. They may be looked at, apart from their origin, purely as literary productions; or they may be investigated as signs of the academic times, hints of university progress, indications of the quantity and quality of the culture developed at advanced and liberal Cambridge. In the latter respect there is not much to be said, for the simple reason that many, if not most, of the "members of the University" who contribute the essays, have long ago quitted its precincts, and as lawyers, clergymen, politicians, or even as men of the world, have been subjected to even more potent influences than those of a university. To go no further than the present volume in illustration of our meaning, it was not at Cambridge that Mr. Beresford Hope acquired that knowledge of the press which he has turned to account in the paper on "Newspapers and their writers;" nor was it there that Mr. Goodwin amassed the materials for his valuable contribution on "Hieratic Papyri." It was not in the libraries of the university, but by painful wanderings on the Syrian plains, that Mr. Graham qualified himself to write his original and suggestive notes on "The Ancient Bashan and the Cities of Og;" and Colonel Shafte Adair's careful survey of "The National Defences and Organisation of the Militia of the United Kingdom" snacks much more of the United Service Institution than of Trinity College. Unless when now and then a University topic is handled (as in the present number, for instance, by Mr. Campion, in his exhaustive disquisition on "Commissioners and Colleges"), there is little of a Cambridge "tone" in the *Cambridge Essays*, little to betray that they were written by gentlemen, each of whom had been subjected to certain specific academic influences. As indications, therefore, of Cambridge peculiarities they have not much value, although a far higher belongs to them. Of the present volume we shall speak hereafter, but readers of past volumes know that they contain papers of considerable intellectual, literary, and even practical importance. In former volumes such contributions as those (to make but a few references) of Mr. Buxton, on "Limitations to Severity in War," of Mr. Cope on "The Taste for the Picturesque among the Greeks," of Mr. Ellicott on "The Apocryphal Gospels," of Mr. Hopkins on "Geology," are characterised by a singular amount of original research, fused and made available by original reflection. The simply literary power and skill displayed in the series of *Cambridge Essays* are but slenderly proportionate, however, to the thought and industry out of which they flow. Few of the essayists seem to have been in the habit of addressing with their pens the general public. The attractiveness of the manner is often in an inverse ratio to the merits and solidity of the matter. The style of the Yankee Mr. Bristed's smart paper on "The English Language in America" quite eclipsed that of Dr. Donaldson's valuable dissertation on "English Ethnography." In the present volume, Mr. Beresford Hope's contribution is at once the shallowest and the most cleverly written.

This volume, in every sense the best of the Cambridge Essays, is, as newspaper critics say of the magazines, "one of more than average merit." There is tact in the choice of its contents—the oldest and the newest interests, the contemporary press, and the literature of pre-Mosaic Egypt, our National Defences, and University Reform, Og King of Bashan, and Sir Philip Sidney—here is something for every, or almost every, taste. The execution, often excellent, is never below the level of former volumes, generally above it.

The paper on "The Ancient Bashan and the Cities of Og" sounds a little threateningly; but when we come to examine it, we find it (despite its rather tedious introduction) replete with new and most interesting information. The Russian official Seetzen, after him Burckhardt, and, later still, our own Mr. Silk Buckingham, and Mr. Porter (the author of the recent "Handbook of Syria and Palestine") had partly explored, with difficulty and danger, the ancient Bashan, the last region where the Rephaim, under Og, held out against the Israelites. It is the Hauran of to-day, nominally Turkish; but where a section of that strange tribe, the Druses, dominate with a precarious sway over the Moslems of the towns. The furthest point reached eastwards by any of these travellers was Salcah, the limit of the old kingdom of Bashan, and on the very edge of the desert. Here, looking into the desert, these three travellers saw, as far as the eye could reach, cities which it was well known had not been inhabited for several centuries, and which, to all appearance, stood perfect and uninjured still. These travellers had to turn back; and it was reserved for Mr. Graham to explore a region never before trodden by the foot of modern European. Launching into the desert, under the unwilling guidance of a Druse chief, Mr. Graham reached the rocky region of Es-Safah, on the eastern border of which a singular discovery was made:

We found four cities, but in a much more ruined state than those in the Hauran. One of these was remarkable on account of a building of white stone, which was the more startling because nowhere near is any white stone to be found. It must have been brought from a considerable distance. But what was most interesting in this journey was the discovery of *written characters* in some unknown form on the smooth surfaces of the black stones. Our attention was at first attracted by seeing some signs on one stone, and then a palm-tree on another; but what was our wonder, when we came to a place far over in the Desert, where every stone was engraved with

some picture, and bore some mystic characters! Within a space of a hundred yards or more in circumference every stone would be thus marked, while without the line scarcely an inscription could be found, until after four or five hours' ride another such spot would appear, where every stone was marked. In this journey we found many cities and towns of ancient days; and we reached a hill, some distance to the east again of Es-Safah, from the summit of which we gained an admirable view of the whole plain.

This region, which Mr. Graham was the first to visit, lies, be it remembered, to the east and south, forming no part of the ancient Bashan and modern Hauran. In the latter Mr. Graham found, as Burckhardt found before him, massive cities crowded together, but in a state of high preservation, the very stone doors of the houses still hanging on their hinges. Testifying to the strength of their builders, and some of them still bearing the names by which the old cities of Bashan were called, Mr. Graham could not "help being convinced that in these old cities of stone we have before us the cities of the giant Rephaim, the cities of Og, which have stood now so many centuries, and will still stand as lasting monuments to all posterity of the conquest of Bashan, through the assistance given to his chosen people by the God of Israel." But of those other strange cities in the desert, discovered by the energy and enterprise of Mr. Graham, we have no historical account whatever.

Even the Arab historians, as far as we have yet been able to ascertain, make no mention of these cities of the Eastern Desert; so that for many centuries, we may presume, they have remained without inhabitants. The houses are of the same construction as the houses in the Hauran, but there is an absence of all Greek inscriptions among them, which goes far to prove that they never formed a portion of the Roman Empire; but in their stead we found inscriptions in this mystic character, which, to whatever class of language they belong, are decidedly very ancient indeed, and may lead us one day when we shall be able to decipher them, to some further knowledge of these countries and of their early inhabitants. Lastly, the cities to the south and south-east of the Hauran, which we likewise for the first time explored in our journey last year, and which are decidedly among the most perfect and most interesting of them all, were the cities which belonged to the kingdom of Arabia in the time of Aretos, and the cities to which special allusion is made by Jeremiah. In his time the whole country east of Judea, as far north as Bashan, went by the name of Moab; and we have only to turn to the prophecies both of Jeremiah and of Isaiah to see what a dreadful threat was spoken against the cities of Moab.

Here is a description, less of one of these ancient cities itself than of the impressions and reflections produced on and awakened in the mind of their English explorer:

Perhaps of all those which we saw in our journey none struck us more than the large towns in the plain south and south-east of Salcah. Among them there was one in particular which made an impression on us we shall never lose—it was Um-el-Jemal, the ancient Beth-Gamul, and to be compared almost with the modern Jerusalem. It was very perfect; and as we walked about among the streets, and entered every house, and opened the stone doors, and saw the rooms as if they had but just been left, and then thought that we were actually in the private dwellings of a people who for two thousand years had "ceased to be a people," we felt a kind of awe, and realised in a manner that we never perhaps could feel elsewhere how perfectly every title of God's word is carried out, and whether it be a blessing that is spoken or a curse, it continues to be so—nothing is remitted until all be fulfilled. These cities of Moab, which are still so perfect that they might again be inhabited to-morrow, have been during many centuries unpeopled. The land about them, rich and fruitful as any in Syria, has long ceased to produce aught but shrubs and herbs, the food of the camel and the antelope.

This very Beth-Gamul, still recognisable under its modern designation, is one of the places named by Jeremiah when denouncing Moab, and prophesying that "the cities thereof shall be desolate!" Mr. Graham calculates confidently that further explorations of the cities of Bashan proper (so to speak) will strongly confirm the truth of portions of the Pentateuch. Of his own researches he is preparing a more detailed account for the Royal Geographical Society, and philologists must hope that it will include facsimiles of some of those mysterious inscriptions.

The perfect novelty of Mr. Graham's paper gives it a certain precedence over Mr. Goodwin's most interesting contribution on "Hieratic Papyri." Cambridge may be proud to rank among its alumni a gentleman who now adds to his former eminence as an Anglo-Saxon scholar that of a first-class Egyptologist. Mr. Goodwin's paper contains a complete description, archaeological, historical, and literary, of those papyri one at least of which is supposed to be "the most ancient book in the world," written by an Egyptian author who "flourished" earlier than Abraham! Though an Egyptologist of knowledge enough to correct the translations made "from the hieratic" by M. le Vicomte de Rouge, conservator of the Egyptian collection in the Louvre, Mr. Goodwin has not confined himself to the discussion of various readings and renderings, but has given us a thoroughly popular, clear, and lively account of the contents of the few extant papyri available for literary purposes—with translations of the principal passages, accompanied by an elucidative commentary. We have already had "the Egyptians painted by themselves," in the minutest details of their public and domestic life, "yet," as Mr. Goodwin justly observes, "how silently." "It is," he adds, "through the hieratic papyri that we once more hear the voices of these ancients speaking more or less intelligibly, and as man with man." The reader of Mr. Goodwin's paper may master without effort this latest and not least important result of the labours of the Egyptologists. There is a fragment of a novel, Hindoo-like in its wild fantasticality. That mysterious old Egypt becomes vocal with gaieties as well as gravities. The pre-Abrahamic Adam of Books, already referred to, is a collection of wise sayings, and the translated fragment given inculcates, in a lofty and religious tone, the duty of filial obedience. But there is much of lighter matter than this. Mr. Goodwin gives a collection of "Familiar Letters," of great antiquity, in which we have one scribe longing (literally and truly) for "cakes and ale" (so the translator renders the hieratic equivalent). Another foreshadows the breach of a teetotal pledge, by thus apostrophising and interrogating a lapsed friend: "Thou knowest that wine

is an abomination; thou hast taken an oath concerning strong drink that thou would'st not put liquor into thee. Hast thou forgot thy resolution?" The affirmative is to be feared, for the letter-writer mentions the *ou dils*: "It has been told me that thou hast forsaken books and devoted thyself to pleasure; that thou goest from tavern to tavern smelling of beer," in the land of Pharaohs, sphinxes and Pyramids! Mr. Goodwin's modest, but firm and sometimes sweeping corrections of the translations given by brother scholars will excite attention, perhaps controversy, in Egyptological "circles." But out of these, his paper may be perused with great profit and pleasure, instruction and amusement, by that nondescript person, the "general reader;" even if, when he takes up the *Cambridge Essays*, he know not the difference between hieroglyphics and the hieratic.

We must not conclude without some reference to the specially Cambridge paper of the volume, by Mr. Campion (of Queen's) on "Commissioners and Colleges." The contemporary controversy between the Cambridge University Commissioners and the Colleges is not very interesting (unfortunately) to the outside public, and is very perplexing to such members of that public as are really desirous of taking an enlightened interest in it. It is one of the merits of Mr. Campion's disquisition that it is lucidly historical as well as argumentative, and that it narrates, with the utmost candour and fairness, the biography, as it were, of the Commission: another service done to our friend the "general reader." On all, or almost all, the most important points at issue between the Colleges and the Commissioners, Mr. Campion sides with the Colleges against the Commissioners, but his opposition is a candid one; his Conservatism is that of a liberal Conservative, and in more than one case he suggests modifications which would render, as he thinks, the Commissioners' innovations really improvements. To cite a single instance, the Commissioners propose that, in a general way, a fellowship shall be vacated after a ten years' tenure. Mr. Campion does not advocate, in opposition, the present system unmodified. He suggests that the principle of limitation should be applied solely to non-resident fellows, and that all willing to remain resident should retain their fellowships while continuing resident. It is, he admits, absurd, to quote his own words, that "any one who is not engaged in the business or studies of the place, but who has abandoned them to advance himself in the profession of his choice, should be permitted, in consequence of youthful excellence, to draw for life an income from college funds, provided he remain unmarried." On the other hand, a limitation clause, as stringent as that proposed by the Commissioners, would all but destroy the fellowship system, for few will linger in an university knowing that in a brief period they will be thrown resourceless on the world. Its probable result is rather strongly, but not unjustly, described by Mr. Campion when he says it would "reduce our resident body to the private tutors and the officials of the Colleges and the University." Whether we agree or disagree with Mr. Campion, it is impossible not to admire the tone and temper in which he conducts the controversy. Had it been so conducted in still higher quarters we should not have the singular interchange of anything but amenities which has marked its more recent stages.

We have left ourselves little space to speak of the other contributions to a volume which will probably be remembered as at once the last and the best of the *Cambridge Essays*. The paper on Sir Philip Sidney (an Oxford man, by the way) is excellently conceived and written; based, too, on an ample study of authorities. The paper on "National Defences" deals with questions beyond our immediate province; and the reader will find elsewhere comments on Mr. Beresford Hope's essay on the Newspaper Press.

A FREE TRANSLATION OF DANTE.

A Free Translation in Verse of the Inferno of Dante, with a Preliminary Discourse and Notes. By BRUCE WHYTE, Advocate. London: Wright and Co.

"HIS FAME," said Napoleon of Dante, "will continue to increase, and is perfectly safe, because nobody ever reads him." This is no illustration of the marvellous sagacity which usually distinguished the great Emperor's remarks; nevertheless, there is a point of view from which its justness may be to some extent defended. Napoleon's keen eye easily detected the unreality of the enthusiasm it is correct to simulate for great poets. He saw that most of Dante's pretended admirers had never read him, or had, at best, accomplished the dry duty grudgingly, like a pea-shod pilgrimage, indispensable by reason of human absurdity and superstition. The taste which set Homer below Ossian was little likely to discover the sublimity of the "Divine Comedy" for itself. If he turned to the commentators for assistance, he found them mere empty word-catchers, as little competent as himself to detect the spiritual grandeur, justifying the fame of half a millennium. Looking about on the actual world, he might well be at a loss to discover the slightest trace of Dantesque influence upon the thoughts or actions of his contemporaries. As a practical man, therefore, a hater of all deception and simulation that served not his own purposes, it was impossible for him to express any other judgment than the concise, dry condemnation with which he turned from the page of the "Divine Comedy" to court another kind of renown.

How the counsel of the wise is mocked, not less conspicuously than the valour of the brave! The sacred fire was but slumbering in its embers, and now all must behold its light, whether or not they choose

to be warmed by its glow. Taken in the gross, the age of the Empire was of all the most materialistic, the most prosaic, the most intolerant of the religion of genius; but it was also emphatically the age of the prophets, martyrs, apostles, and confessors of the same faith, into whose labours we have entered. Not only did its own affluence of original production surpass that of almost any other recorded era, but it was also one in which the productions of the past were appreciated more worthily than had ever been the case before. It was the age of the critical giants—men who have left their successors little to do but to see that they themselves, in their turn, receive their share of justice. They, first of men, set Shakspeare on his throne, like the sun in Heaven. Then were the inveterate mists of prejudice and misconception dispelled, and many a noxious meteor of falsehood and puffery extinguished for ever. Like everything else great and good, the fame of Dante profited by the universal reformation. While Napoleon spoke, an English poet and scholar was toiling to naturalise the great Italian among a people with a literature richer in poetical beauty than any other in the world. Mr. Whyte is the *ninth* who has essayed to follow in Cary's track. All the time there has not been one translation of Virgil!

Flattering as this may be to Dante's reputation, it is a truer index to his power of intensely affecting minds of a peculiar order than to his popularity with the mass. The same obscurity which limits his readers augments his translators. At first sight he is a singularly unattractive writer. Every man, perhaps, looks at him once in his life, but once suffices most. Even his elect begin by disliking him, and considering him an overrated author. The next attempt is more promising; they begin to see something in him. Soon they see much, soon more; and soon that he who sees most is far from seeing all. All this has cost labour and thought; the angel's blessing is only to be won by the strenuous wrestler. But as every man most prizes the acquisition, material or mental, which it has cost him most care and pains to make, the successful student comes to cherish his author with a love never bestowed upon clearer and shallower bards. The worst obscurities are the most welcome; the more hopeless their gloom, the wider the range of speculation they afford. He chuckles over the obtuseness of critics; he gleefully detects the evasions of translators; he has his pet reading, his luminous gloss, his infallible emendation. A noble love and reverence prompt him to do what he can for the diffusion and elucidation of his author; he slides imperceptibly into a version of some favourite passage, and is surprised to find with how little difficulty a mind imbued with Dantesque thoughts assumes the Dantesque manner. Then the inspection of friends, approval, encouragement, extension of plan, completion, publication! the public all the while caring just as much about Dante as it did before. If this be a correct account of the genesis of our translations, it is evident that they will not necessarily be distinguished by poetical ability; for such entire absorption into any one author is more characteristic of the receptive than of the expressive faculty. But it also follows that such renderings are almost certain to be at least scholarly and refined—works of the grave, temperate, chastened student. They can also hardly fail to reproduce somewhat of the spirit of the model. The product of intimate communion with a great original must confess its source in every feature.

Mr. Whyte's version affords convincing evidence how possible it is to preserve this spirit, even when accuracy of form and verbal rendering are resigned. The translator is obviously a Dante-possessed man, whose thought is steeped in a mediæval atmosphere, and who, unlike the photographer, reproduces the hue more accurately than the figure of his original. The Dantesque cast of mind and turn of expression are unmistakable—the counterbalancing faults are confessed and poorly excused by the plea of "a free translation." Now, paradoxical as it may seem, when a translation is "free" at all, the freer the better. The free renderer does not, like his more conscientious brother, attempt to reproduce his original. His aim is an independent work modelled on something pre-existent, and the less he is the slave of the letter, and the wider the scope he affords his own genius, the greater the prospect of success. This is why the most inaccurate rendering of Homer is still the best, and Fairfax's immortal but most licentious translation of Tasso is one of the finest poems in our language. Such a style of rendering is only possible to men of original power, but not the greatest. Men like Shelley will reproduce the form and meaning, as well as the spirit of their model. Men like Mr. Whyte would do well to stick as closely as possible to their text, and atone for lack of genius by verbal exactness. With writers of his calibre, freedom of rendering never means diminished resemblance compensated by imported beauty, but is simply an apology for indolence. In Mr. Whyte's case this provokes in proportion to the narrowness of the interval between his failure and positive excellence. He might often have adhered to his text with less trouble than it has cost him to diverge from it. Especially unaccountable is his aberration from Dante's metrical form. Doubtless *terza-rima* is a very difficult metre, and we cannot refuse our sympathy to Cary and Wright confessing their inability to handle it by the tacit substitution of something else. But Mr. Whyte's substitution is so like the original, that we cannot but wonder why it was not the original itself. He has successfully overcome the main difficulty of the treble rhyme, and we cannot understand what can have compelled him to crush the linked sweetness of the original tercets into the slack *déssé* stanza he exhibits.

As a specimen of the translator's merits and shortcomings, we quote the opening of the thirteenth canto:

The Centaur had not yet the bank regain'd
Beyond the ford, when to a wood hard by
We pass'd: no sign of footpath it retain'd;
Not green the leaves, but of a sombre dye;
The branches were not straight, but interchain'd
And gnarled all; no fruit allur'd the eye,
Save berries of the deadly aconite.
The wildest beasts that roam the wilderness
Between Cecina and Corneto's site
Haunt not such scenes of savageness.
The loathsome harpies in this wood delight;
They, who predicting future wretchedness,
Compell'd the Trojans to abandon quite

If the wood had never had a footpath, how should it retain the signs of one? Did the trees utter groans, or the harpies? And are we to infer that these had nothing to say for themselves, except where there happened to be a many together? "Haunt not such scenes of savageness" will not scan; "Strophales" is an unaccountable blunder for "Strophades;" and the sense of the latter part of Virgil's speech is mistaken. Finally, Dante speaks of poisonous *thorns*, which Mr. Whyte would be rather at a loss to discover on "the deadly aconite."

Here is another specimen:

I reassume my song. When to the base
Of the commanding tower we had attain'd,
Upwards I gaz'd and soon perceiv'd a place
Where two bright signals with a third maintain'd
Intelligence—distant, but face to face;
More to detect, mine eyes in vain I strain'd.
I turned to him whose knowledge like the sea
Is fathomless: "What may these signals mean,
And who are they employed so busily
On yonder walls?"—"The fogs that intervene
Obscure the view; else evident would be
The object of the signals thou hast seen."
He spake, and never arrow cleft the skies
More rapidly than I a skiff beheld
Approaching us, diminutive in size
And rul'd by one who steer'd it and impell'd.
"Ha! cursed spirit!—art thou then my prize?"

A very serious blot on this version is the abundance of ridiculously low and prosaic expressions, even whole lines. These might easily be removed; but far more will be requisite before Mr. Whyte can vie with Cary, Wright, or (the best translator) Cayley. Nevertheless, the ideas of a person whose conception of the "Inferno" should be wholly derived from this translation, would be rather imperfect than essentially false. There is much erudition in the introductory remarks, and, though their criticism be not of the most profound, full justice is done to the startling reality of tone, vividness of representation, and pregnancy of phrase, most conspicuous among the merely literary merits of the "Divine Comedy."

A POETICAL POSTMAN.

Ballads and Songs. By EDWARD CAPERN, Rural Postman of Bideford, Devon. London: Kent and Co.

SOME ONE has said somewhere that in the lyric "Life is in search of Life." This is a remark so true that one may suppose that it was uttered at the birth of the Muses, and so comprehensive that it embraces a large portion of literary history. It is this principle of life which makes the lyric familiar; which brings it home to the affections and understanding of the people. The true epic is never a perfect expression of feeling, whereas the true lyric is always so. Hence a lyricist exposes his feelings; lays, as it were, his naked soul before the gaze of the world; is not ashamed to show that he can weep or laugh, that he can love or hate, that he is not merely a carnivorous animal who fulfils all his functions when he feeds well and sleeps well, but that he is a man dowered with emotion. He who is ashamed to speak out is no lyricist in the richest sense of the word. Burns had no equal in his line, simply because he was not afraid to make confession even of his failings. Had he never admitted his fickleness where would now have been "Mary Morison" or "Bonnie Bell?" And it is precisely thus that the Scotch, proverbially a cautious people, surpass us as song writers, because, despite their caution, they give utterance to their inner life. This word life takes us back to our first statement, namely, that in the lyric "Life is in search of Life." By seeing if this be really so we shall best be able to see whether Edward Capern has mistaken his vocation, or whether, following his natural bias, he is guiding it to a legitimate success.

In the lyrical—the sole path as yet Mr. Capern has chosen—it seems to us indispensable that the personal should be dominant. The poet, as the expositor of inner life, must claim kindred with the outer life which throbs everywhere around him. Without this perfect sympathy and mutual activity we may have musical rhythm, but no identification of the minstrel. Half the poems which reach us have lyrical form, but not lyrical unity. A skeleton poem in a school of art is not a more pleasing object than a human skeleton in a museum. In the drama we must never see the personality of the poet,—in the

Strophales isles. Large flapping wings have they;
Faces and necks of women; their feet arm'd
With frightful claws; feather'd like birds of prey
Their paunches seem. The trees where most they swarm'd
Uttered deep groans that fill'd me with dismay.
My courteous master, seeing me alarm'd,
Accosted me: "Ere further we proceed,
Know we have reached the second minor sphere.
Of which I spake. Each object duly heed,
For thou wilt shortly view such wonders here
As all belief might stagger and exceed."

Exulting Le exclaimed: to whom my lord,
"Phlegias, for once thou grossly dost mistake;
A living man thou must receive aboard,
And ferry him across this turbid lake."
Like some egregious dupe the fiend deplored
His disappointed hopes, and 'gan to quake.
Whilst Phlegias rav'd, my chief without delay
Enter'd the skiff, and by his side I sate.
Then o'er the murky fen it wound its way
Creaking and groaning 'neath so strange a freight.
We had not far advanc'd when from the spray
A form besmeared with mud, and breathing hate,
Arose before me, and address'd me thus:
"What wight art thou who ere the time decreed
Dar'st to approach the Stygian lake and us?"

lyric we must always see it. You can no more detach locality than you can dis sever personality from the lyrics of our best poets; and it is because Edward Capern has fulfilled those two conditions—the personal and the local—that he must be considered a poet of a high order, though as yet not the highest. Without ever having seen the man, we know him more than we know some who share our feasts and our fireside, for his songs reflect him thoroughly. Proud of being an Englishman, he is prouder still of being a native of Devon—so proud, indeed, that he sings:

Sweet vales of Devon,
There's one thing I crave;
Ye gave me a birthplace,
O, give me a grave!

Let it be where the sunshine
Can warm my last home,
And a knot of your daisies
Blow over my tomb.

True to his instincts, his illustrations are homely, but beautiful, and most, if not all, the objects which his verse records are those which come familiarly before his eyes. Every bird which sings amid his breezy hills, every flower which blooms within his verdant valleys, he has glorified in his songs. Not once, in the volume before us, does the name of the nightingale occur, for the nightingale—the prince of songsters—does not sing in bonny Devon. This significant fact will show the localisation, while such delightful songs as "Carrie Dene," "The Lass of Watertown," and "Dorky May," show the personality of the lyricist. Two of the conditions of the lyricist, then, Mr. Capern has clearly grasped, and these necessarily involve, or lead to, that crowning condition, "Life in search of life." In the searcher, as in the objects sought, you behold nothing but bounding vitality, whose "ministering angels" are hope, enthusiasm, rapture. One feels that it is such men as this hearty and healthy rural postman who help to preserve the muscle of Englishmen and the nerve of English thought. Small time, aye, and smaller inclination, has he for "treasons, stratagems, and spoils" who hourly does his duty, and doing it—those invigorating tramps from Bideford to Buckland Brewer inclusive—believes that beauty smiles upon duty. And so it does from every bank out of which the primrose peeps, from every bush out of which the blackbird sings. He who believes so much follows a faith next in sacredness to his God! That beauty has so smiled on Edward Capern is evident from his cheerfulness. This cheerfulness is itself a condition, the highest condition, of abundant life. In Edward Capern it is the sunny atmosphere through which he beholds not only valley and hill, and river, and flower, and bird—in a word each "thing of beauty"—but also that half-serious, half-fantastic confluence of humanity which we term society.

Mrs. Hemans wrote "Songs of Summer Hours," and commenced the first song with the subject of Death! Anything so out of keeping Mr. Capern could not commit, for cheerfulness may truly be said to be his natural religion. What hearty exultation leaps forth in his poem "The Pleasures of Fancy," where he compares himself with a "lord," and finds the comparison decidedly in his favour. We may smile, but this, after all, is true philosophy, and we wish the world had more of it, for then we should have fewer cowards turning aside from the great battle of life, and skulking into the suicide's grave.

Then why should I envy the lot of a king?
God help him to bear what a kingdom must bring:
And as for a nobleman, faith on my word,
A postman is born just as rich as a "My Lord."

And richer too, for in another verse the advantage is clearly on the side of the rural postman!

He shoots at a pheasant, I aim at a thrush,
He brings down his game, mine sings in the bush;
His serves for a dinner, but mine in the spring
Will perch on a tree-top and merrily sing.

This new volume may be said to be the natural and obvious continuation of those exquisite fancies which graced the early poems of Edward Capern. Where the poet found his rarest treasure, his grains of gold, there, in the deep heart of nature, in the fertility of his native soil, he has delved once more. This is true wisdom, whether looked upon in a poetic or commercial sense. We are not among those who cry for new objects when the old have not been exhausted, and in fact are inexhaustible. In this new volume, as in the old, Mr. Capern shows that he really understands what song writing means, for he has dowered each subject with just as much ornament as it will bear. If anyone will take the trouble to compare Mr. Capern, in this respect, with Mr. Bradbury (Quallon), a facile song writer, he will see at a glance what we mean. The similes of Mr. Bradbury are often rich but excessive, thereby bearing down the natural elasticity of that species of composition commonly called *song*; whereas the similes of Mr. Capern are used just sufficiently to heighten the colour and not to check the flow of his theme.

Turning to Mr. Capern's preface, we see something like an expression of regret; the more noticeable from its extreme rarity. The poet, if left to consult his own wishes, would have withheld this volume because "he had conceived the idea of writing, and indeed had already commenced, a larger and more ambitious poem." Out of our genuine love for Mr. Capern's muse we may wrest Lear's words to our purpose, and cry, "No more of that!" Shelley never made a truer observation than when he said, "Poetry is not, like reasoning, a power to be exerted according to the determination of the will." Mr. Capern has chosen the right path, let him follow it to its end; and as he moves along we are but too happy to receive his gifts of wayside flowers. The lyric, for the reason we have already given, and which places the Scotch so much above us, demands here a gifted exponent, and that exponent Edward Capern may yet become. Is the song of the lark

less delightful because the eagle is termed a royal bird? No. Neither are the delicious songs which Mr. Capern has written a whit less welcome because other writers have soared unto the highest heaven of invention, and "drawn imperial air." The fact that many of Mr. Capern's songs are frequently sung in the cottages of his native county represents but a fragment of the poet's heritage. The whole heritage and the perfect triumph can only come when a nation gives a larger expression to what a county has begun. Epics have never influenced the fortunes of a nation so much as have songs. Surely, then, the circle is wide enough in which Mr. Capern is already moving, and as, in our opinion, it bounds his *genius*, let us hope that it may also bound his ambition. All we need do now is to cull a few charming lyrics from the volume before us, and if our readers are disposed to forego those, and such as those, for the bare chance of droning didactics, or any other description of poetry whatever, all we can say is, that we are contented with what is already pulsing with life, and joy, and beauty.

NANCY DOWNING.

Ever frowning, ever frowning,
O how dark the world would be,
If, my little Nancy Downing,
Every maiden frowned like thee.

What's the use of Sunshine, Nancy,
And the warblers of the spring,
If they do not stir our fancy,
And inspire our lips to sing?

Hark! the primrose lanes are ringing
With the little children, now;
And the bonny birds are singing,
Joyous, on the budding bough.

Come, my little Nancy Downing,
Let me win one smile from thee—
No? Then, if you will be frowning,
Prithee, do not frown on me.

THE LASS OF WATERTOWN.

O! the bonny, bonny Yeo;
O, the silver-crested Yeo,
With daffodil and primrose banks,
And meadows pranked with snow;
There the mavis sits at noon,
To hear its native tune,
And learn the mellowed music
Of its wavelets, as they flow.

There's a rustic rose-bound cot,
On a sweetly rural spot,
Like a lovely milk-white lily,
On its ripples looking down,
And the rarest treasure there,
Is my pretty Polly fair;
My laughing blue-eyed Polly,
The Lass of Watertown.

When the Eve, in purple drest,
With her one star on her breast,
Leads up the young and modest Moon,
To see her sire lie down;
Or when the jewelled Night
Gives out her smiles of light,
I love to pace its margin,
With the Lass of Watertown.

Whilst the mills upon its bank,
With their busy din and clank,
And roar of rushing torrents,
All other clamours drown,

With the bird upon the bough,
I breathe my twilight vow,
And mark the sweet confusion
Of the Lass of Watertown.

O! the bonny, bonny Yeo;
Where the hawthorns hanging low,
Spread a fragrant sun-screen, woven,
And overlaid with down;
Where the sleek and dappled kine
Breathe an odour like the vine;
There for ever I would wander,
With the Lass of Watertown.

Flow gently, softly flow,
Let thy waters murmur low,
For my loved one is departed,
My beauty and my crown!
And nightly by thy side
I will watch thy loving tide:
Leap up to kiss my darling,
The Lass of Watertown.

Flow faster, faster flow,
My bright and bonny Yeo,
And help to swell the chorus,
As thy waters gambol down;
Until the song is heard
From maiden, man, and bird,
O! come again sweet Polly,
Fair Lass of Watertown.

AUTUMN BERRIES.

Daughters of the Autumn, beautiful are ye,
Blushing on the dog-rose and the holly tree;
Burning on the hawthorn, flaming through the sedge,
Where the honeysuckle creeps up the hazel hedge.

Twisting, twining, brightly shining,
Ever with a joyful face,
Like a maiden, jewel laden,
Clinging with a fond embrace.

Children of the Autumn, richer far are ye
Than the ruddy coraline underneath the sea;
Rich as the cornelian, with its ruby sheen,
Is the red ox-berry wreath round the bramble seen.

Twisting, twining, ever shining,
Smiling like a rosy boy;
Much I love ye, far above me,
Glancing from your haunts so coy.

Berries of the Autumn, maidens make of ye
Pretty crimson ear-drops—from the guilder tree
Necklaces the children of your scarlet beads
Make, and ruby-bright coronas for their little heads.

Twisting, twining, ever shining,
Bygone days ye bring to mind—
When my sister crowned, I kissed her—
Days in memory e'er enshrined.

Monarch of the Autumn, what a mellowed hue
Hath thy bell, vermillioned, melancholy yew?
While the mountain-ash fruit, and Canterbury thorn,
Rival the warm blushes of the virgin morn.

Beauty-blushing, glory-gushing,
Deeper than the sunset dyes;
Scarlet-streaming, passion-gleaming,
To the poet's loving eyes.

Sing a song for Autumn, month of mirth and play,
Sing it in the orchard, wheresoe'er you stray:
While children cull the diamonds which on the brambles shine,
And hedges yield the poor-man's-grapes which make his elder wine.

Rich as cherries are ye, berries,
On the bryony and rose;
But the bramble, as we ramble,
With the brightest lustre glows.

THE RIVER.

From its sedge-lipped fountain flowing,
Down the hill-side through the vale,
By the cottage, meadow, orchard,
Telling one delightful tale.
Dimpling, whirling, dancing, purling,
Sweetly babbling in its course;

Bright and happy, wandering minstrel,
Singing of its native source,
God the fount, and Love the river,
Even so our life should be,
Ever blessing, praising ever,
One perpetual melody.

most reliable progress of science, have been the leading objects in the preparation of the volume; and, as far as we have had any opportunity of judging, this seems to have been fully carried out. The utility of the volume as a class-book is considerably enhanced by the introduction of no less than six hundred and seventy-seven illustrations, all very well and clearly executed.

Visit of a London Exquisite to his Maiden Aunts in the Country. Illustrated by THEO. (W. Kent and Co.)—A very pretty portfolio of sketches, after the manner of Leech, illustrating the adventures of a London exquisite who is compelled by circumstances to pay a short visit to his wealthy maiden aunts, and who, after a series of adventures (more or less displeasing to those respectable relatives), is driven to take refuge from the bailiffs in the arms of good fortune and a wife. We do not quite appreciate the poetical justice which makes a pretty girl and the saved dividends of two praiseworthy spinsters the *pis aller* of a scamp who proves the possession of no capacity for anything but smoking, drinking, dicing, and every vice of civilisation; but that is the way in which the old comedies treated the Charles Surfaces and other spoiled children of fortune, and so we suppose that is a species of justice agreeable to the minds for which the old comedies and such portfolios as the one now before us were designed. We are not, therefore, going to quarrel with Theo's pretty drawing-room present on that account. The school of humour to which it belongs may have become rather *rococo*; but the execution is decidedly good, and in parts the designer will pass muster for a very creditable pupil of John Leech.

The Works of the Rev. Sydney Smith. (Longmans.)—This is another boon in the way of cheap reprints, for which people with reading instincts and moderate means can never be sufficiently grateful to Messrs. Longman. It is intended to complete this "People's Edition" of the works of the witty Canon of St. Paul's, in seven parts, at one shilling each, so that the whole collection may be obtained at one-third the price which it has hitherto borne. The present instalment contains a number of articles from the *Edinburgh Review*. It is well printed, in double columns, and upon good paper.

The Curate of Cumberworth; and the Vicar of Roost: Tales by the Author of "The Owllet of Owlstone Edge," &c. (Masters.)—These two tales of clerical life—a sort of fiction that appears to be on the increase—have been written with the benevolent purpose of showing how Rector and Curate may live more harmoniously together, and each fulfil his respective duties more efficiently than is unhappily the case at present, through the envyings and bickerings of themselves or their families. Both stories are very well told, and the serious element is so very well balanced by the humorous as to make them acceptable to the general reader.

John Halifax, Gentleman. (Hurst and Blackett.)—Messrs. Hurst and Blackett have done well in adding this capital and thoroughly popular novel to their new series of standard novels. This is the fourth edition, makes a handsome and handy volume, and is as cheap as to price as can possibly be desired.

Thom's Almanac and Official Directory of the United Kingdom, for 1859. (Longmans.)—A mere list of the contents of this valuable volume of reference—of which the present is the sixteenth annual issue—would be the best comment upon its utility, though one too lengthy for these columns. Suffice it to say, that it contains everything that it behoves the official mind to know—a large field it must be admitted—concerning Great Britain and Ireland and her colonies; her Parliament, hereditary and representative; her Government offices and naval and military forces; her Universities; her Church, Law, and Physic. Indeed, we are not quite sure whether it would be far easier to specify what this excellent work of reference does not contain than to give an abstract of what it does.

The Scottish Annual, 1859. Edited by C. R. Brown. (J. F. Hope.)—Albeit the critical dictum hath gone forth that the day for the *Annals* is past, and that a new and better style of publication is better suited to the spirit of the times, our faith in the undying popularity of things really good in themselves is sufficiently strong to make us predict success for this handsome, well-filled volume. That the flimsy, tawdry volumes, badly bound in pink silk, as if their very binders intended that they should have but an ephemeral existence, ornamented with second-rate steel-plate engravings, and filled with light nothings, contributed by the fashionable literary dilettanti of the day—persons who could never be supposed to write upon anything more vulgar than scented pink note paper, or with any more common instrument than a crow's quill—that these things should cease to be popular is indeed a subject for congratulation; but the volume before us is made of quite other material, and must be judged by a far higher standard. Its contents differ as widely from those of the old *Annals*, as its handsome leather binding, with the insignia of Scotland blazoned upon it, does from the perishable silk wrappings of the others. It is time, however, that we give some account of what the *Scottish Annual* is. It is dedicated to Scotland's greatest living hero, Lord Clyde—or, as we still love to call him, Sir Colin—whose portrait forms the frontispiece, and, with the exception of an engraved title-page, is the sole illustration in the volume. The essays, tales, and poems, are contributed by writers whose names stand high in Scottish literature, as the reader will easily recognise when we mention the names of William Maccall, George Gilfillan, J. P. Nichol, C. R. Brown, James Ballantine, and Robert Burns, jun. Whether as an ornament for the drawing-room table, or a fit occupant for the library-shelf, the *Scottish Annual* is equally to be recommended.

The Art Journal.—Our ever-welcome monthly contemporary, peerless amongst magazines, steps into the new year with a spirit, and astonishes us with the variety of new and interesting articles connected with the Fine Arts that it has collected for the commencement of 1859, and which, doubtless, it will vigorously maintain through the year, and we trust for many a long cycle of years. What modern English person does not love to look on a picture by Landseer? Well, here is a real characteristic work of Sir Edwin's, daintily finished in the engraving by T. Landseer, "The Marmosettes," from the picture in the royal collection. A pair of these ring-tailed monkeys, with their delicate form, and long striped fur, and nervously intelligent faces, are squeezing crouched on the body of a pine-apple, watching a bee, who is

First Principle of Physics, or Natural Philosophy, designed for the Use of Schools and Colleges. By BENJAMIN SILLIMAN, JUN., M.A., M.D. (Trübner and Co.)—Dr. Silliman is very well known in the United States, and to some extent in this country also, as a professor of science whose acquirements have reached no mean standard; his fitness, therefore, for the execution of a task, the necessity for which forced itself upon his attention as Professor of General and Applied Chemistry at Yale College, cannot be doubted. The result is that he has contrived to compress within the limits of a single volume a very ample manual of each of the several departments of Physics—treating each subject with sufficient clearness to render it intelligible to young students, and yet in a manner sufficiently advanced to render it of service to those who have gone deeper. The author himself states in his preface, that "accuracy of statement, fullness of illustration, conciseness of expression, and a record of the latest and

resting on the green stalk. The broken nuts and husks strewed around the pine-apple satisfy us that the "lady and gentleman" have enjoyed their dessert. The monkeys are drawn to the life. The twitching smirk of satisfaction in their semi-human faces, the twirl of their tails, and cosy ease of position, tell us that their happiness is perfect, and that they are only having a quiet bit of fun after dinner. The pine-apple is a radiant medley of approximate tints—the warm light of the painting—and the whole picture is one of those tingling bits of colour that the Queen's collection is rich in, and its charming light and warmth are brought out in the black and white of this engraving with excellent success. It is the gem of the number, and worthy all the honour appreciation of good art can render it. The other picture is an early Maclise, "Gil Blas at Pennafior," engraved most excellently by J. C. Armytage. "Emily of Rylstone," a bas-relief of F. M. Miller, is the statuary piece of the number, engraved by J. H. Baker. Mr. Thornbury contributes a "costume and character" article, under the title of "Hogarth in London Streets." This, its first part, is principally a clever "imaginary conversation" between Garrick and Oliver Goldsmith, and pretty reading withal. Another new article is by the talented editor and his lady, Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall, "Excursions in South Wales." This is the first part of the Wye, from Ross to Monmouth; and a most interesting account of the dwelling-place of John Kyrle is given. Whilst on the Wye we will hint to the authors the interest they would find in Holm Lacy—the old church, the gardens and pictures of Sir E. B. Stanhope, and such immeasurable elm trees in the park. Mr. Wright takes for a new series of his interesting archaeological art-articles, the "Domestic Games and Amusements of the Middle Ages." The artist, whose life and works are described and illustrated, is the unequalled painter of interiors, Louis Haghe. Mr. Fairholt continues his articles on tombs of English artists, the subject of the present one being the sculptor Nollekens. He also begins, in one of the best articles of the number, an account of "Rubens and his Scholars." Some new information on a German process of printing in oil colours is given. A visit to a terra cotta manufactory is an illustrated description of some deserving productions in this useful and pretty manufacture. Many other short articles complete the number, and do full justice to the art affairs of Great Britain at the present time.

Who's Who in 1859. Edited by C. H. OAKES, M.A. (Baily Brothers.)—This apparently inquisitive question continues to be asked as pertinaciously as ever, and Mr. Oakes replies to it in as satisfactory a manner as he has done for these eleven years last past. Which of our readers does not know the convenience of this excellent little manual? What owner of a desk is unable to find a place for it in some corner? It is indeed the perfection of its kind—neat, compact, and handy.

The current number of the *Westminster Review* (John Chapman) opens with a comprehensive article on Parliamentary Reform; among the more important suggestions in which are those in favour of life-peages and the public payment of Members of the House of Commons—eight hundred or a thousand a year, at least. Articles on the Religious Policy of Austria, the Sanitary Condition of the Army, the use of Chloroform and other Anæsthetics, Spiritual Disturbance in England, recent cases of Witchcraft, and a review of Carlyle's History of Frederick II., make up the number.

The *London Review* (Heylin) has, amongst the more important of its contents, an article of Scotch University Reform, by one who has evidently well considered the subject. The bill of the Lord Advocate is partly condemned as insufficient for its purpose, and the article will repay perusal to all who take an interest in the subject. An interesting article on the "Comparative Literary Rank of Nations," is intended as a reply to a curious calculation by M. Louis Veuillot, of the *Univers*, proving England to be far inferior in that respect to France, and even to take rank

below Italy. Though the subject has been productive of much entertaining speculation, it is to be questioned whether such arguments as those produced by M. Veuillot either deserve or require reply.

The *Phytologist* opens the botanical campaign of 1859 with an address to its contributors, correspondents, and readers, summing up the progress of botanical science during the past year, and making many important announcements of works to be expected in the coming year. Some moot points as to changes of name and discoveries of new species are also summed up in such a manner as to tend to clearness. Notes on the Flora of Rozel, in Jersey, and other botanical notes and reviews make up the number.

The *National Magazine* continues its summary of the Social Science proceedings, this time confining itself to the section of Jurisprudence. A review of the Life of Douglas Jerrold by his Son, and the continuation of Mr. Robert Brough's capital story of "Which is Which? or Miles Cassidy's Contract," are among the most noteworthy contents of the number. Some of the engravings in this number are rather below the average; that from Mr. Elmore's picture of "Valentine, Silvia, and the Duke," being wretchedly bad in subject, and that from Mr. Eyre Crowe's picture of "Steele and his Children" being bad both in subject and execution.

Bentley's Miscellany has a poetical composition entitled "The Combat of the Thirty," taken by Mr. Harrison Ainsworth from an Old Briton lay of the fourteenth century. A new tale by Dudley Costello, called "The Ghost of St. Peter;" an essay on "The Pleasure of the Table," possibly from the pen of gossiping Dr. Doran, and a retrospective review of Tom D'Urfé, by Monkshood, are among the best thing in the number.

The *Historical Magazine and Notes and Queries of America* is as "learned, chatty, and useful" as its English compeer, albeit it devotes itself almost exclusively to matters connected with the history and antiquities of America.

We have also received *The Scottish Review*, chiefly remarkable for a useful article upon "Substitutes for Paper Material."—*Kelly's Railway Guide for January 1859* (Kelly and Co.), a capital and very intelligible guide from London to all the stations in the country, arranged upon the Alphabetical principle.—*The Journal of Psychological Medicine and Mental Pathology* (Churchill), in the current number of which literary dilettanti will find their account in reading a curious study of Cervante's hero, entitled "Don Quixote; a Psychological Study." By Dr. Morejon, from the French of Dr. J. M. Guardia.—*Moore's Irish Melodies, with Symphonies and Accompaniments for the Pianoforte* (Longmans). The second edition of Messrs. Longman's excellent new edition of the "Melodies," with their musical accompaniments.—*Davenport Dunn*, No. XIX. (Chapman and Hall).—*Plain Papers on the Social Economy of the People and Penny Banks* (Bell and Daldy). The second of a series of pamphlets, by the Rev. J. Erskine Clarke, addressed to the social wants of the people. The well-written and sensible little pamphlet before us is concerning and in favour of the institution of Penny Banks.—*A Discourse on the Lord's Supper*. By W. Sherlock, D.D. (Edinburgh: Grant and Son).—A new and cheaper edition of *Tales of the Colonies; or, the Adventures of an Emigrant*. By Charles Rowcroft, Esq. (Smith, Elder, and Co.).—No. 10 of the *Tales from Blackwood* (William Blackwood and Sons), containing Professor Aytoun's story of "How I stood for the Dreepdail Burghs," which amused the readers of "Maga" in September 1847; and Mr. Mudford's Essay on "First and Last," from the number for February 1829.—*Ince and Gilbert's Outlines: English History* (James Gilbert). In a note to the present impression of this class text-book, the proprietors refer with pardonable satisfaction to the fact that the number of copies circulated is now brought up to 140,000 copies—a testimony to its merits which ratifies the decision of the Society of Arts in its favour.—*Amusements: a Lecture delivered before the Cork Young Men's Association*. By George Webster, M.A. (Dublin: Hodges).

FOREIGN LITERATURE.

THE CRITIC IN PARIS.

THE ABSENCE of any literary matters of interest during the past week drives us to treat of matters dramatic. At the Variétés we have "*As tu vu la Comète, mon Gars?*" The authors are MM. Cogniard and Clairville. The piece is intended to make people laugh, and it makes them laugh. The war now waging between the pastrycooks and bakers, is well set forth. At this moment the pastrycooks are ferocious against the bakers. The bakers make tarts and pies for the multitude, instead of confining themselves to rolls and yard-long loaves; and the pastrycooks, resting upon what they deem vested rights, are indignant. Independent of the influence of the stage, it is quite certain that the monopoly of the pastrycooks must disappear. One of the tableaux, and the most successful of the whole, shows a young lady and her lover following with great inquietude a tree, which is being transported, by a waggon of peculiar construction, from the forest of Vincennes to be planted on the Boulevard des Italiens, just opposite the house of the husband of the lady. And the cause of the anxiety of the lovers? One fine summer day they had been walking in the forest, and were very sentimental and loving, and the lover, to record his happiness, carved upon the tree the name of his mistress and his own, with the date: "*Julie et Léon, 12 Juin, 1858.*" The piece at the Gaité is *Cartouche*, a drama in five acts, with tableaux, by MM. Dennery and Digné. *Cartouche* is a clever pick-pocket, the admiration of the *gamins*, a man of many occupations. He throws dice with a felon, and plays at chess with a viscount. He is the ally of robbers, and can dance with a duchess. *Cartouche*, in short, is an accomplished rogue in all his ways and doings. *Cartouche* and his band of robbers had, historically speaking, a tragical end.

He was broken alive in the Place de Grève, in presence of a mob which worshipped him. For six months there was nothing but hanging and breaking, until the whole band was exterminated, including even the mistress of *Cartouche*, too cruelly, for having picked up the handkerchief which her lover threw to her from the scaffold. There is much cleverness displayed in the tableaux, which is not lost upon the Parisians. Sins are sanctified through the aid of the dramatist and scene-painter. The moral, if ever one was intended (and what business have we with a moral?), is lost behind dresses and machinery. At the Vaudeville a little comedy is played entitled *Pourquoi?* Girardeau and Carpentier are bosom friends, and the former is always demanding of himself why his wife is not always tender and submissive like Madame Carpentier? Why has she not the thousand little kindnesses for him that Madame Carpentier has for her husband? A *billet-doux*, which he finds, leads him to believe that he is betrayed by his wife. He is wrathful; but he soon discovers that the note had been addressed to the wife of his friend, and perceives that all the tenderness lavished by Madame Carpentier upon her husband was to blind his eyes. Girardeau, upon this, ceases to be envious of his friend's lot, and congratulates himself on having a wife less submissive and caressing, but who loves him better. As a theatrical memorandum, we may mention that, at Turin, a theatre has just been opened under the name of Théâtre-Scribe. The bust of the illustrious author is placed under the peristyle, "in order," says a local journal, with more enthusiasm than reverence, "that the image of God may be found in the temple."

Another portion of Paris is about to disappear, which must be well known to all who have passed along the Boulevard des Capucines—the *Rue Basse-du-Rempart*. The space cleared will serve for the pro-

longation of the Rue de la Paix. The street to be demolished has not many historical associations. It may be noted, however, that here Gustave Planche played at marbles when a boy, and made himself and his school books very dirty in its kennel. At No. 6 died Mademoiselle Raucourt, a celebrated actress of the Théâtre-Français, on the 15th January 1815. It is said that, feeling herself about to die, she preserved sufficient *sang-froid* to say, smiling: "Now is the last scene I shall play, and it must be played in a comfortable manner." She was far from foreseeing the troubles to which her funeral would give rise. Entrance to the church of Saint Roch, to which she had made considerable gifts, having been denied her remains, the populace, justly indignant, broke open the doors, and had already commenced the funeral ceremonies themselves, when Louis XVIII. sent one of his chaplains. Order was immediately restored, and the crowd peaceably accompanied the mourning train to Père-la-Chaise.—The fountain of the column of the Place du Châtelet has commenced to pour forth its limpid waters. The column, some months ago, was removed bodily from the place where it formerly stood to a distance of some sixty yards, by means of ingenious machinery, and now stands in the line of the new Boulevard de Sebastopol. The fountain has eight jets, four issuing from the mouths of four sphinxes, and four from the heads of four nondescript animals, whose bodies terminate in cornucopie. The projected waters fall first upon eight small stages at the angles, and finally into a conical basin, which receives the contents of the eight jets and cascades.

The *Comptes-Rendus* of the Academy of Sciences, of last week, will be found very interesting to the naturalist. Dr. F. Pouchet, of Rouen, presented a work which, when announced some time ago, produced a certain sensation, as much on account of the name of the author as on that of the question which he treats. It treats, in fact, of spontaneous generation, a question as philosophical as it is scientific, and which has been the occasion of controversies without end among naturalists. Numerous experimenters, seeking the truth with the best faith in the world, arrive at results diametrically opposite, and from these affirm or deny with equal ardour, spontaneous generation; that is to say, the production of living things without the intervention of any visible germ. The history of this question is long, but deeply interesting. From experiments made by Schultze and Schwann, in Germany, some fifteen years ago, it was thought that the difficulty had been got rid of. These physiologists had proved that the infusoria, which are seen to develop themselves at the expense of atmospheric dusts, settling on bodies, did not appear when these bodies are sheltered from the external air, which could furnish them with germs floating in the atmosphere. Schwann proved that when these atmospheric dusts are put into distilled water, and the water is raised to the boiling point, to destroy the germs of the animalculæ which they might contain, and when the bottle or vase is stopped, to exclude the external air, neither animalculæ nor vegetation was developed. Schultze on his side proved that infusoria ceased to appear when the air, in which the matters are placed, had been deprived of every organic germ, by passing it through tubes containing sulphuric acid. These experiments seemed to have resolved the question in the negative sense. It was not without surprise, then, that the Academy of Sciences learned, by the communication of the memoir of Dr. Pouchet, that the learned director of the Rouen Museum, at the close of long and numerous experiments pronounced highly for spontaneous generation. Space will not permit us to give a full analysis of the memoir, and we confine ourselves to a few leading particulars. Pouchet repeated the experiments of the two German philologists, and always with positive results. He has seen the development of animalculæ, microscopic vegetations, cryptogames, &c., in glass vases containing air deprived of every trace of organic germ by its passage through concentrated sulphuric acid. M. Pouchet proves the atmospheric is not, and cannot be, the vehicle of producing germs. He has produced spontaneous vegetations in an artificial air, made of the necessary proportions of oxygen, azote, and carbonic acid gas. In this artificial air he has seen champignons and infusoria developed under his eyes; among others, a new species of *Aspergillus*, a cryptogamic plant, which Dr. Montagne has already named *Aspergillus Poucheti*. He has made the experiment with distilled water, has purified the air with the utmost care, has introduced into this air hay dried at a temperature of 212 degrees; and has seen in a medium thus deprived of every reproducing germ, not only a new *Aspergillus*, but divers species of infusoria. Some may doubt whether 212 degrees was a temperature of sufficient height to destroy the organic germs in the hay. Plants are known which live and thrive, and reproduce at a temperature above 185 degrees, and since the organic germ has greater vitality, why may there not be germs, it has been asked, which will require a temperature higher than 212 degrees to destroy.

GERMAN GYMNASTICS.

Aerztliche Zimmer-Gymnastik. Von Dr. MED. Daniel Gottlob Moritz Schreiber. Dritte Auflage.

Kallipädie oder Erziehung zur Schönheit. Von D. G. M. SCHREIBER. Leipzig: Friedrich Fleischer. London: Trübner and Co.

THERE ARE AGES in which a grand idea seizing the whole of society penetrates to the heart of the individual: there are other ages in which the heart of the individual must be first touched and

transfigured if a salutary change is to be achieved in society. Our own age is an age demanding the regeneration of society through the previous regeneration of the individual. We must, as individuals, come into direct and living contact with the individual, or our efforts and utterances are all in vain. Overrating the power and worth of association, the current plans of reform efface the individual, rob the community of its spontaneousness, and deaden it into a machine. It is not from erroneous conception alone that those plans are so pertinaciously pursued; but it saves trouble, shields from responsibility, and confers importance if for philanthropic objects, or objects regarded as such, we enter into co-operation with the opulent, the titled, the influential. Dilettantes in all things we cannot cease to be dilettantes even where the deepest, divinest salvation of our neighbour is concerned. In the midst, however, of the general dilettanteism, the true and the brave earnestly feel that reform is a very arduous affair, and that if it is to march on resistless, it is with the individual that it must begin. But what does individuality involve? Unbroken completeness, harmonious development. As its primary condition is, therefore, demanded, robust, radiant, abounding health.

It is to health in the fullest, most manifold significance thereof, that the numerous works of Dr. Schreiber are devoted. Less than any other civilised nation do the English need to be taught the art of preserving health. They are incomparably the strongest of races: proof enough that they are the healthiest of races. Their rural and aquatic sports, their athletic games, their taste for a country life, their passionate love of the sea, their travelling habits, their stupendous and undaunted enterprise—even when Mammon tempts not—as shown in the Arctic voyages, nourish in them that muscular pith and that animal impetuosity which crush all obstacles down. The colossal character of English industrialism likewise stimulates a physical energy no less colossal. In the mine, in the foundry, in the dock-yard, on the railroad how Titanic is the outpouring of that energy! It is almost only in the weaver's workshop, and in the cotton factory that we behold a dwindling and shrinking of the national sinew; and if there is danger to England it is there. We are not disposed to undervalue the works of Dr. Schreiber. They are the productions of a man free from crochets and quackery, gifted with great intelligence, a clear idea, and the faculty of distinct and energetic exposition. But we deem our English mode of keeping or restoring health better than the artificial modes which he proposes. Riding, rowing, field sports, skating, playing at cricket—in Scotland, curling—these and the like grand hygienic agencies make us rather despise gymnastic exercises which are chiefly confined to the solitude of our chamber. We must not, however, misrepresent Dr. Schreiber or his books. There is a large class who are compelled by their pursuits to lead a sedentary life. There are numerous invalids who cannot leave their room, their sofa, or their bed; who yet, however prostrated or crippled, could, by that force of will which to individuals or nations is victory, calm, through sustained and systematic movement at regular intervals, their irritated nerves, and brace their languid muscles.

Health is needful to holiness; health is likewise indispensable to that education of the beautiful whereof Dr. Schreiber in one of these volumes treats. But we require the incitement of amusement, of emulation, of patriotism, to practise habitually the most effectual means for garnering up the sinewy treasure. Hence the importance of national games as, anciently in Greece; hence the desirableness of a military training for the whole people, as in Switzerland. A frequent and deplorable blunder in these days is expecting reform without supplying any adequate motive. We think it is enough calmly to convince without trying overwhelmingly to persuade. It is a common opinion that man is naturally idle, and that he would not labour unless stimulated by necessity. This opinion is most erroneous. Every faculty carries with it its own irresistible impulse to exertion; and unless there were the instinctive love of labour in the human heart civilisation would be impossible. But no less intense than the love of labour is the love of recreation. If rightly guided, the love of recreation would be the ablest of all physicians. Our aim should be to give to recreation as often as we can a gymnastic character. This character, recreation, without any trouble on our part, would of itself assume in national games and in military training. Though in recreation anything kindred to utilitarianism should be avoided, yet we must confer on recreation a species of divine baptism before it can be a joy to us in its lighter shapes. The passion of our age is the pursuit of frivolous entertainment. The way to war with that pursuit is not by declaiming against pleasure, but by ennobling recreation, by clothing it with religious, or, if that cannot be, at least with poetic attributes. Puritanism, or rather something which clumsily attempts to imitate puritanism, is what chiefly stands in the way of restoring recreation to its proper and exalted place in the English community. After the ebbs and flowings of insane extremes, we must at last reach a catholic culture.

This is in the sublime order of God. But to the fever of extremes, in the great earnest ages, invariably succeeds a silly and slavish aping of extremes. The waters of the mighty deep having ceased to rage, the mud in the puny creeks begins to heave; and from the heaving come odours—not of Araby—and grievous plagues. How horrible and how deadly is the malaria from the mud bubbling in the narrow creeks of a false puritanism! How it darkeneth the Sun of Truth, and hindereth us

from rejoicing evermore, and from serving God by laughter as much as by tears! In this vast and miraculous outpouring of life, which we proudly name the Universe, but of which we see so small a part, there is a rejoicing evermore to him who himself so rejoiceth. Why do men not so rejoice? Because they have been taught to abhor recreation as sin. What does recreation, either etymologically or substantially, signify, but the bringing of ourselves and of others back into harmony with creation? Wise Thomas Fuller, and the like gifted souls, have eloquently expatiated on this rich and suggestive theme. Would that, while entering with warmest concord into their spirit, we could illustrate the subject with the same plenitude of gorgeous phantasies. He who here is best the poet is best the preacher. That God is the former, and that Man should be the reformer; that God is the Creator, and that Man should be the recreator, is not a matter for dry didactic exposition. We must introduce a large Shakspearean element, or verily our words are without fruit. From the Shakspeare region to that of Dr. Schreber the transition is painful. Dr. Schreber is not puritanic but he is ascetic, in the literal meaning of asceticism. How much of existence may we lose in the too anxious care for existence! To be perfectly blessed we must not be conscious of our blessedness. We harshly break the genial flow of our days if we are continually stopping to consider how our physical or moral strength may be augmented. The mechanical displaces the dynamical. In bondage to minute prescriptions we escape from the empire of a radiant and loving principle that fertilises and panoplies while it impels us. The world grows into a species of sanatorium where we are to do nothing except by rule. It is in our self-anatomising tendencies that the nervous diseases so extensively prevalent originate. We dissect our system with such unnatural delight that it ceases to be a system, lies before us as a shattered framework, and our philosophy is a sombre pathology. In life we must count on losing much if we are to gain much, and instead of incessantly analysing ourselves, we should strive rather to blend with the eternal and infinite synthesis.

As regards health and life the aggregate experience of humanity is a better guide than the pedantic dogmas of science. From the aggregate experience of humanity we learn that to live healthily and energetically is more desirable than to live long. Dr. Schreber tells us how, by following this plan or that plan, we can add fifteen or twenty years to the sixty or seventy which alone would have been ours. But what is the price that we pay for those fifteen or twenty years? We fill our nights and days with the crucifying dream of longevity, the fierce hunger for old age—surely a signal and craven selfishness. There is scarcely a fact paraded with so much bluster by the dreary admirers of dreary statistics as that, through the ministries of science, people live longer than formerly. Men make comfort their chief idol, and comfort is not niggard in recompensing the idolatry. Except little ailments and low spirits occasionally, they contrive to realise their highest vision of happiness—they are comfortable. Of many persons, what could we say except that they studied comfort, and comfort only, and that comfort was their heritage? It is not the vilest kind of comfort of which Dr. Schreber constitutes himself the prophet; yet still it is comfort. You are from earliest childhood to subject yourself to severe gymnastic discipline, that you may subdue disease, or prevent the invasion of disease, or render your body so completely the instrument of your soul, that every movement of your body may afford you an opulent glow of satisfaction. Whether there are other pedagogues around you or not, you are to be your own perpetual pedagogue. To the athletic you are likewise to add the æsthetic. Torturing yourself that you may be strong, you are to torture yourself that you may be beautiful and have a keen perception of beauty in the most transcendental sense.

Now all this is plainly to swamp manhood in pedagogueism, in Hegelian illuminism—to enfeeble, to ensnare, to bewilder the individual with ghastliest abstractions. That nature, the omnipotent and the maternal, has her mysterious dealings with the individual is an article of faith which we must as gladly accept as the theologian accepts what is implied in the grace of God. We cannot bind, and we have no right to bind, nature by our idealisms. She refuses the bondage. In a child's growth—meaning thereby its education, its culture, its whole existence—we have principally to take care that we do not stand in the way of nature. Though nature hath implanted in every human soul the longing for perfection, yet the aim of nature in all her works has manifestly been to expend and to call forth the largest possible sum of life. Unless we embrace this doctrine in its most plenteous pith, the universe is an enigma, a mockery, a tragedy. Good Dr. Schreber earnestly represents the science of education as being like other sciences—progressive. What if, as in so many other sciences, the art perished as the science marched from conquest to conquest? Such, we are afraid, is deplorably the case. Nature teaches art; then pedants come and turn art into science, and art dies. This is a disease of our age, but it is intensely and inordinately a German disease. There is no subject which the Germans do not approach with a philosophical breadth unexampled in ancient or modern times. They have enlarged the domain of science and especially of metaphysical science; and if we would contentedly be mere metaphysical students, we should covet and court continual intercourse with the great German metaphysical writers. But German metaphysical science, though less fatally than French mathematical method, leads us away from the truth. Metaphysical science, and science generally among the Germans, has had such marvellous development, partly

through the suppression in Germany of the Free State. Education is the privilege and peculiarity of the Free State: and this is why a Greek or a Roman, a Plato, an Aristotle, or a Cicero, could have descanted on education with a practical sagacity which the German—as long as Germany is what it is—can never attain. The radiant and rhythmic activity of the individual is the product of two influences—nature's enriching dew, and the Free State's quickening breath. The rest is entirely subordinate, though it is to the rest that pedants think the name of education alone worthy of being applied. We have long maintained that the English are a grandly educated people, though some other nations may be more highly cultivated. The distinction between instructing and educating has been often enough made; but the difference between education and culture is not so well understood. Education is to rouse the organic energies as with the clangour of a trumpet: it is to put them in array along with the wide and wondrous host of energies in creation. Culture is the refining, softening, trans-fusing power which enables us to hear a music in the universe that never steals on vulgar ears. Education should be heroic; culture comprehensively artistic and poetic. It is far more perilous to sacrifice education to culture than culture to education; and an artificial culture brings with it inevitably a superficial education.

The newspapers echo all the cant, and one of the cants which they oftenest repeat is that about the insurmountable difficulties in the way of educating the English community. If we cannot distinguish between instruction and education and between education and culture, of course the difficulties are insurmountable. But if we look at the composite character of the English community and at the manifoldness of its life, the difficulties vanish. The Scotch are much better instructed than the English, and the French are much more cultivated. But what should be education in Scotland is a compound of instruction and discipline: and in France what should be education is the despotic fatality of circumstances. In Germany there is more instruction than in France, and more culture than in England; but, for reasons already given, there are few worse educated lands than Germany, in whose culture—ample as it is, moreover—there is too much of the mediæval, too much of the scholastic, too much of the false classicality and the pretentious virtuosoism introduced by Göthe. In England, if the primordial heroic agencies are kept alive—rooted as they are in a glorious past—we may laugh at the alarms wherewith the newspapers are for ever assailing us regarding that dark cloud of ignorance which envelops the population. By all means, let the people be instructed; by all means, let them be leavened and clothed with a noble culture; but let it be in stupendous concert with that stupendous education which, for a thousand years, they have been receiving from nature, providence, and freedom.

Both in respect to education and to many other things, the English of the present day are at once too conventional and too fond of novelties. They either oppose that genial unfolding which is the main characteristic of the universe, and which thus ought to be the main characteristic of every human society, or they are fascinated and befuddled by the most impudent and idiotic charlatanisms. They seem incapable of conceiving anything beyond old fogies and old fogiedom and clever Cagliostroes. Their eye is blind, their ear dull, to a truly original man, to a truly godlike soul. From that death of eye and ear there must be a resurrection; and pray that it may be soon.

Adopting a view of education, not so much different from that of Dr. Schreber, as more complete, we think we have said enough to prepare such of our readers to consult his volumes as choose to do so. The Germans are disposed to recognise, as some of our dreamiest poets (such as Shelley), have pictured, only the individual and the infinite. Not merely is the Free State suppressed, but the home, that lesser State, with its beautiful circle of hallowed associations, is annihilated. Now, to be a citizen of the infinite is not so fatal to our warmth of heart and wealth of phantasy as to be a citizen of the world. Nevertheless, it is simply a more exalted kind of egoism. Hence the necessity of placing as many steps as we can in the gradation from the individual to the infinite. The more steps we place the more distinctly effulgent is the individual, and the sublimer does the infinite become. And, even were this not so, we must often narrow our thoughts that we may concentrate our affections. The ancients had not, astronomically or otherwise, the same lofty, large, and luminous gaze into the universe as we. It was not wholly a disadvantage. The more limited their gaze the clearer was their glance, the more adamantine their will the more intensified their vigour. Hence, if we learned nothing else from the ancients, we learn the love of the definite and the symmetrical, the dislike to vagueness and exaggeration. And when the value of classical studies is discussed, this important point ought never to be overlooked. It is singular that, though the Germans are unsurpassed as classical scholars, they wander as far as their barbarian fathers from classical distinctness and moderation. The grace, the flow, and, at the same time, the sharpness of statuesque outline, have never gleamed on their brain across their gigantic labours on the Greek and Latin writers. He who, through a Sophocles, has taken that outline into his heart, knows more about education than all the treatises on education can tell him.

Indeed, we have too many books on the subject of education, and we should not be sorry if Dr. Schreber's were the last. From Dr. Schreber we part with profound esteem. Our criticism has been directed not against him, but against a cardinal and current error from which his works are not free, but which cannot hide from us their earnest character and solid merits.

ATTICES.

THE DRAMA, ART, MUSIC, SCIENCE, &c.

THE DRAMA.

THE pantomimes are all spinning away like peg tops, but never going to sleep. Various accounts are given of the relative success of each, but trimming and amending have made many of them go more glibly and smartly. This is the case with the spectacle of the *Siege of Troy*, at the Lyceum, which is nightly gaining in attraction. Drury Lane has the true *vires eundo*, and is decidedly the popular favourite. All, however, may be supposed to be answering the purposes of the various managers, as none of them except the Lyceum have made any alterations in their first pieces. At this theatre, on Monday evening, the additional attraction of the appearance of Madame Celeste was added, in a new piece entitled *Marion de Lorme*. Though this piece is not taken from any French one, yet it has been written by a Frenchman, and is essentially of the Parisian fashion; that fashion being to bring about as many situations and points of interest as possible, with little regard for possibility and an utter defiance of probability. The personages in this kind of drama always meet in the most extraordinarily lucky manner; contrive to get into curious and unlikely places at the very instant something of the utmost importance to themselves is being revealed;—always have *lettres de cachet* in their pockets, and get kings and ministers to imprison, banish, or kidnap anybody they please; the French system of espionage and police standing in the place of the old fates and gods of the ancient theatre, or in lieu of the fancy wands and magical talisman of the more modern stage. With these implements they frisk from one exciting situation to another, and despising language as an incumbrance, and character as a bore, they create a melodramatic machinery which has charms for those who take sentimentality for genuine emotion, and vacuity of thought for lightness of spirit and gaiety of mind. It must be owned that like the effervescing wines of the country that produces this species of drama, it has some enlivening qualities. It sparkles for the moment and stimulates for the time, though it produces but little effect on the constitution. It also must be acknowledged, that if there be a good deal of champagne that the vines of Epernay do not produce, so there is a good deal of spurious Parisian drama about. A coarse, sugary, effervescing production that has very little of the Scribe flavour or bouquet. *Marion de Lorme*; or, *The Cradle of Steam*, produced on Monday, is not of the choicest vintage. It oscillates between an eulogy on science and the smart devices of an *intriguante*. Marion is a lady of splendid fortune, acquired by a marriage with a Farmer-General, M. St. Maur. History gives her another and less reputable character; but as that does not appear in the drama, we need not object to her on that account. It appears that she had rejected a certain Doctor d'Estagnac, a creature of Richelieu's, who, by his influence with the Cardinal, had got her husband executed for alleged financial crimes. These antagonists meet, on the rising of the curtain, at the house of an enthusiast, Salomon de Caus, who, observing the expansive force of steam, has visions of the mighty engine, and all its powers as applied to mechanism and locomotion. He is perishing for want of a patron, when the great lady comes to consult him as to fountains and a garden, and ends by promising him patronage. The Doctor comes to seduce Bertha, the pretty wife of the vehement mechanist; and Marion determines to enact the part of the good fairy. A scene with Cardinal Richelieu succeeds, at a moment, as supposed by the dramatist, when Cardinal Mazarin's fate nearly tops his, and he is struggling for supremacy with the weak King. The Doctor here slanders Marion, and accuses her of intriguing for his rival, Mazarin, and charges her with employing the enthusiast De Caus to assassinate him. At the very moment the steam inventor breaks through the guards, and utters such a sarrago of possibilities with regard to his discovery, and so alarms the Cardinal, that he confides him, as a hopeless lunatic, to the care of the unworthy Doctor, whom he also makes medical governor of the Bicêtre, the great lunatic asylum of Paris. To him succeeds Marion, who also is an agent of Richelieu,

and she proves to the unhappy Cardinal (who, by the way, is made a terrible muddler and old woman of by all the dramatists) that the Doctor is a treacherous knave, working for his rival Mazarin. Hereupon the Cardinal gives warrants and *lettres de cachet* to the lovely lady *ad libitum*, to be filled up as she pleases. Thus armed, she proceeds to the Bicêtre, where poor Salomon is caged, and arrives just as the Doctor is proposing to run away with the wife, and ordering a straight jacket and flagellation for the husband. Of course, she knows how and when to use the various papers she has in her pocket. The inventor is released and restored to his constant and amiable wife. The Doctor is transferred to the Bastille as a traitor, and the piece ends with a piece of Montalembertism; Salomon de Caus determining to transfer his great invention to England, the nurse of arts, and the protector of the free-minded. The acting of Madame Celeste is exhilarating. She has the art of transfusing into the artificial the earnestness of reality, and gives grace by her manner to the poorest material. Her feminine arts are also very clever; her taste in dress is perfect, and her manner piquant and appropriate, so that notwithstanding her bad English, which seems to get worse, she interests although she hardly affects, and delights by her vivacious though theatrical vigour. She was cordially received, and the audience seemed by their marked and continuous applause to notify their recognition of her novel position, standing alone on what to her was a strange stage and before a new audience. Mr. Emery was forcible as the inventor De Caus; Mr. Vandenhoff made a very good-looking villain; Miss Portman feelingly as the harassed wife, and Mr. Falconer gave the usual staggering gait and abrupt utterances of the would-be wily old Cardinal, but, according to modern dramatists, the muddle-headed old dodderer. Where, however, the greater truth of human nature is so often violated, it is of no avail to demand historical accuracy; and the modern melodrame knows as little of the one as the other, being equally regardless of the truth of the imagination as of fact.

ART AND ARTISTS.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

LOVERS of the melodramas of the transpontine theatres are often thrilled at witnessing "a single combat of three!" Something of the sort is the battle-royal we believe to be now raging in official departments respecting the national pictures. We are informed that an article we published in our number for December 4, and which several of our contemporaries reproduced, had such a dire effect on the scheme of the Chief Commissioner of Works for placing the pictures in the Carlton Riding House, that he was authoritatively desired to abandon it and leave the matter to those who had previously attempted its settlement. Any public office in want of a large roomy tenement can apply to the Office of Works for King George's Riding-school; it is not wanted for the national pictures, the Treasury being of opinion that whatever other fate may be in store for the pictures, it is not politic to doom them to destruction by fire. Our quotation of Mr. Braidwood's testimony against the building as unsafe and not fire-proof settled the business. The *Art Journal* doubts if any such scheme could be entertained, because it was so opposed to right and reason. But it was extensively known that the plans were prepared and orders given, and long ere this the alterations would have been in full operation, and right and reason in its natural form is a thing as unknown to official routine as justice was to the Court of Chancery before the age of Brougham. The official will is never checked by right or reason; whilst we write, another department has adventurously taken upon itself the building of a gallery without seeking the sanction of any other interested in the business. The Department of Art has commenced the building of a gallery from the plans of Capt. Fowke, of the Royal Engineers, contiguous to that in which the Sheepshank's collection is placed. This gallery is intended for the British pictures of the National Gallery; and, if the sanction of the Government and the Trustees of the National Gallery is obtained, these pictures, and probably some of those now in Trafalgar-square, will be removed to it immediately on its completion, which is being hastened by every exertion the builders can make. The veto of the House of Commons, the decision of the Palmerston Ministry, the report of the Site Commission, the strongly-expressed opinion of the press and the

public, are all counted as nought; and even the pledge of the Chancellor of the Exchequer in the last session is not regarded; and this removal of the national pictures, so vehemently objected to, will be carried out, unless Mr. D'Israeli can be warned of its unpopularity before the meeting of Parliament. That gentleman, who promised to take the subject under his own especial care, and who has always desired the removal of the National Gallery to Kensington, cannot be ignorant of this new building and its intended purpose. What individual or body of persons may be the instigators of the act we cannot conceive; but its outrageous recklessness is most unusual in this country, and therefore likely to end in failure and disgrace. If, however, from the indifference of the public, it be allowed, it is impossible to say that the entire collection may not speedily follow. We could wish for more information on the subject than we are at present able to obtain; but the opposition or want of unanimity amongst the bodies interested is, we believe, likely to create obstacles to the carrying out of the plan. We hope it will be sufficient to prevent it until February, when some independent metropolitan member may arouse the House of Commons upon it. Happily too, the national pictures have come to the nation in so many different ways and under such various trusts, that it is not possible for the government of the day, or any body in its sole right, to remove them. We believe that the trustees of the Gallery, though charged with their care and preservation, cannot remove more than those purchased or directly given to them; others are given to the nation or government; and several bequests were made to the trustees of the British Museum, who consequently secure a voice in the question. However, councils and committees are now being held, and a perfect conflict of discussion is raging; and we trust that the result will be that which the plans of Lord Broughton's commission proved to be perfectly easy and practical—the building in Trafalgar-square of the largest gallery in Europe.

TALK OF THE STUDIOS.

MR. BOXALL, R.A., has presented a picture, by his own hand, to the National Gallery, which will be added to the collection of examples by British artists shortly.

F. P. Cockerell, Esq., will on Wednesday, the 19th inst., deliver a lecture at the South Kensington Museum, "On the Painting of the Ancients." Cards, issued by the committee of the Architectural Museum, may be obtained at Messrs. Chapman and Hall's, Piccadilly.

The exhibition of the Society of Female Artists, to be opened for the second season next month, will be held in the gallery next the Haymarket Theatre.

Pictures for the exhibition at the British Institution should be sent in during the next week.

The admired picture of "Home," by J. Noel Paton, representing the return of a Crimean soldier to his Highland cot, is on view at Messrs. Lloyd, Brothers, print-sellers, Gracechurch-street, City, by whom a mezzotint engraving of the painting will be shortly published.

Messrs. Fuller, of the Fine Arts Repository, Rathbone-place, Oxford-street, have thrown open to visitors an excellent collection of water-colour drawings.

The new exterior of the United Service Club House in Waterloo-place is completed. The removal of the old pediment and columns on the west side is a nice improvement, and the alterations altogether give a more elegant and agreeable air to the building, as well as add to its apparent size and vastness. It now presents a larger front than any of the surrounding clubs, without exhibiting baldness or vacancy.

Readers of Court news will have noticed that the President and Secretary of the Royal Academy had a private audience with her Majesty some days since. What was the great occasion for the use of this high privilege, granted to the Academy by George III., and never used but for serious purposes? Was it to seek a favour, or to accept one already accorded? We suspect the latter. But perhaps Davis, the pamphleteer, will write to the *Times* and inquire.

A meeting of the friends and admirers of Stothard has been held, at which it was determined that steps should be taken for placing some simple and appropriate monument above his so long undistinguished grave in Bunhill-fields. The character of the memorial will be regulated by the amount of subscriptions.

At a meeting of the Manchester City Council, the mayor presiding, a marble bust of the Prince Consort, presented through Mr. T. Fairbairn, on behalf of the Executive Committee of the Art Treasures Exhibition, was unanimously accepted, and ordered to be placed beside that of her Majesty in the Town Hall. The new bust, like that of the Queen, was executed by Mr. M. Noble.

We have inspected a miscellaneous collection of paintings at Messrs. Christie and Manson's, which are

to be sold on Saturday. The quality of the works was on the whole what coffee dealers call "good ordinary;" a number of decent copies, many third-rate originals, a few nice modern pictures by unknown painters, a Nasmyth utterly spoilt by restoring, a pretentious large picture by Guido—"The Death of Sophonisba"—so entirely repainted by some French hand as to be more like a modern work than a Guido, which, nevertheless, perhaps it was originally. It looks well enough now as a picture. An early German triptych in good state was the best of all; but although we noted all the works we feel that is a needless waste of words and paper to speak further of them. Some of the worst are sold as the property of W. S. Landor. Strange to us that such a man should have such things. "Speculative" is a fit word for such pictures, but where the speculation of those who examine them is to end is more than we can guess—we declare that the real nature or origin of some of these pictures must be utterly unfathomable.

The exhibition of 1861 is a fact! It will take place and be admirably well carried out. The Fifty-one commissioners will, with the produce of the people's freely-bestowed shillings, come, on the 26th instant, all-efficiently to the aid of the Sixty-one commissioners. The site is settled—not at distant Sydenham—not at agree-covered Battersea—but on the very ground bought by the commissioners of Fifty-one through the shillings of the people. Who that ever saw has forgotten the Hyde Park Palace of 1851? Nor will the Palace of 1861 be forgotten in 1871. The site of Sixty-one is better than the site of Fifty-one. It is only over the way, the other side of the great thoroughfare leading to kingly Kensington, the Star and Garter at Richmond, and Welsey's time-honoured Palace at Hampton Court. A railway is already in formation for the purpose of pouring in the well-informed, but densely-crowded, inhabitants of the manufacturing districts of England.—*Illustrated London News*.

Letters from Turin speak of a desire entertained in that city, and by the Sardinian Government, of purchasing the Campana collection of art-objects, for the purpose of establishing the nucleus of a public museum, which does not at present exist there. It is feared, however, that the expenditure for national defence will prevent the Government proposing the necessary outlay of public money. The immense extent and variety of the collection, it is felt, will necessitate its separation and dispersion; and the unequal quality of the pictures contained in it is certain to prevent the acquisition of more than a few of the most remarkable for the National Gallery, but it is greatly to be desired that the principal ancient sculptures and Etruscan antiquities may be secured for the British Museum, and the fine examples of ancient pottery and ware for the Department of Art. Russia will be the formidable competitor when the sale takes place, and we are glad to know that the directors of our art collections are fully informed of the nature and value of the contents of the collection, and will do all that is reasonably possible to secure the best examples of each portion for the national museums of Great Britain.

The fine weather and other propitious circumstances, has induced large numbers of people of the industrial classes to visit the Crystal Palace, the British Museum, and the other public art collections during the Christmas week. It is worthy of note, as an answer to those who would remove the collections in Bloomsbury and Marlborough House to the ground popularly known as "Prince Albert's land," at Kensington, that whilst it is estimated that 24,000 persons visited the British Museum on Monday week last, 17,000 the British pictures at Marlborough House, and 15,000 the National Gallery, only 10,000 are recorded to have reached the more modern and varied, and therefore more attractive exhibitions collected at the Kensington Museum. How many of the weary souls who now reach Trafalgar Square and the British Museum from all parts of the metropolis, would attempt the extra miles beyond it to reach the remote *terra incognita* of Brompton? Whilst watching their movements at the Crystal Palace one day last week we were painfully impressed with the general helplessness and want of information observable amongst the majority when gazing at the works of Fine Art. We have, in common no doubt with others, regretted that no means are taken, beyond the brief tablets and inscriptions, to arouse the deadened callousness of minds which wonder at the evident beauty and interest of what is before them, and hunger for some agreeable and lucid explanation of the charm which they feel, and also know they do not fully comprehend for lack of knowledge. In the crowd and bustle it is impossible for them to refer to a dry catalogue, and when they return to their homes the delight has fled. They cannot acquire the explanation before their visit, observation of the objects forbids it during their stay, and the day after they return to the dull coils which eclipse in selfish mists the vision of higher pleasures they have tasted. Now, the art of popular teaching by brief lectures is thoroughly understood, and legions of men, able to adapt their education to the purpose, could be got to pass through the collections, or deliver in the lecture theatre, at timed intervals, such a modicum and epitome of the facts which would interest and enlighten, as would more than double the gratification

the works afford. The engagement of Professor Pepper is a proceeding which, in this view, is of the highest importance to the Crystal Palace; and, without intending to recommend the engagement of our most learned men for similar purposes in the Fine Arts and Natural History portions, we would suggest to the directors whether such verbal guides as Mr. Wyld provides at the Great Globe would not profitably develop the purposes for which the Palace was created. The same want is equally evident at the Government museums, and increased by the absence (not of catalogues, for the people will not read catalogues), but of guide books such as the late Samuel Phillips or Hazlitt could write. The people read their penny literature, they accept religious teaching when expounded by minds of their own tone and hearts aware of their yearnings, they enjoy the dramas of Shakspeare, is it not easy by demonstrative means to bring them closer to the influence of the teachings of the natural world and of the feeling and monition of the Fine Arts?

J. H. Parker, Esq., F.S.A., and President of the Oxford Architectural Society has forwarded to us a copy of a communication to the *Gentleman's Magazine* which will be found in it at length. It is the purpose of this interesting letter to suggest reasons for, and urge the revision of Mr. Scott's design for the Foreign Office to the style and spirit of the English and French Gothic of the thirteenth century, in preference to close adherence to the Lombard Gothic of the fifteenth century on which that design was founded. He argues that the Italian buildings of that period are, as combinations of the styles prevailing in Germany and the north countries in the preceding centuries, unsuited to English tastes, and that the purer and more original style prevailing in France and England in the thirteenth century, and of which he takes the hospital at Angers to be the first best example, would better correspond with the best Gothic buildings in England, and be more in unison with the national style than the completely foreign Lombard. Mr. Parker supports this opinion with complete information and authorities, and we see no reason why it should not be allowed to influence Mr. Scott in the modifications of his design permitted by the Government. As a national building it should be English; as purely and simply so as the style permits; and if, on the whole, generally congenial to English tastes, its completion will be an event of great public satisfaction. Truth to say our national buildings of the last half century, with one or two exceptions, are hateful to the popular mind. The last, the Record Office in Peter-lane, is such a horror in stone that we hope it will remain unfinished as it is, until it falls.

We hear nothing of the advance of the scheme of the Exhibition of 1861. If it be making any progress it must be stealthy and silent. We believe, as observers of public sentiment, that it has got on the wrong side of public opinion. Few allude to it, and those journals who have indiscreetly bound themselves to its unconditional support have no facts to record; and, wanting them, have published a laboured essay, under three heads, to justify the Society of Arts in its patronage of the plan; which, in the same essay, it is argued, should begin and end with the Royal Commission of 1851, and the estate at Brompton. Unless some more explicit and conclusive reasons can be shown for rejecting the Crystal Palace, the vacancy of the ground at Kensington, and the connection of the plan with schemes for fixed galleries and museums on that site, will not be accepted as satisfactory or conclusive by the people. The Society of Arts and its influential connections have set the project before the world; and unpopular or unsuccessful as it may be, it must, for the honour of England, be gone through with; but we seriously fear that unless a more legitimate national spirit is made to appear in the proceedings of its promoters—unless the broad basis of its plan in simple integrity is shown to be the sole undivided object of the exertions required to be made for it—if it is not stripped and cleared of Kensington and its mysterious schemes, such a stigma of unpopularity will close around it, as no brilliant opening or novelty of feature will be able to dispel. Cannot the question of site be put to some kind of public meeting? Can no sort of jury be summoned to consider the proper limits of the scheme? It is now enveloped in the "red tape" of a Royal Commission, and when again will Englishmen have faith in "red tape" or Royal Commissions? Old pamphlets sometimes throw strong light on public projects. We, in this hope, referred to one published in 1851, by J. Murray, "Shall we keep the Crystal Palace." We believe it was written by one of the managers of the Great Exhibition, though published anonymously, and in its arguments for maintaining the building in Hyde Park, we find this one: "The chief difficulty in establishing the Exhibition was to provide a building. This involved the risk of finding the necessary funds, the choice of a site, the selection of a suitable plan, and the construction of a building consistent with the character of the locality. All these difficulties were successfully overcome, at a cost of 120,000*l*. These advantages of the first importance in the establishment of future exhibitions would be thrown away in great measure if the building itself be destroyed." Now the building was saved, and the Crystal Palace shareholders effected

at Sydenham, at their own expense, precisely the objects proposed by the retention of the Exhibition building in Hyde Park. Whilst the whole of the surplus funds of the Exhibition have been sunk in the purchase of the estate at Kensington, without profit or purpose, and in contravention of the pledge given by the Royal Commissioners, that the surplus money should be "applied to purposes strictly in connexion with the ends of the Exhibition, or for the establishment of similar exhibitions for the future." Why, we ask, should this building, preserved for the purpose by the public, with its two railways and other extensive means and aids to success, be now rejected for the exhibition, and the expense of a new structure on bad land, in an unimproved neighbourhood and unapproachable situation be chosen instead? In the best interests of the exhibition, we again urge that this is bad policy.

Philadelphia is to have her statue of Washington. A committee has been appointed, and have engaged in the work with much zeal. The following are the principles that have been adopted by the committee:—1. That there be an equestrian statue of General Washington erected in Washington-square. 2. That it be open to the free competition of all the artists residing in the United States, and to all the American artists abroad. Six months' time to be given for artists to compete and send in their works. 3. That the best sketch, design or model, will obtain the commission.

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.

A SHOWY programme, announcing the first of a series of four "Monday Popular Concerts," attracted a large auditory on the 3rd instant. St. James's Hall exhibited but very few vacant seats. But it happened—no uncommon thing—that the chief star in the bright vocal constellation was eclipsed by a medical certificate, and "chaos came again." It is obvious enough that the delicate organs of the human voice will, by continuous wear and tear, get functionally wrong, and if the public demand more of a singer than his physical capabilities can supply, they must expect that which will, as a matter of course, ensue—disappointment. We are not the apologists of Mr. Sims Reeves. The public have themselves only to blame. After the excessive laudation paid to their idol, who ought to stand amazed if the god himself should play a few fantastic tricks? The absence of the great tenor affected materially both the arrangement and character of the programme, and it was with great difficulty that the substitutes obtained a hearing; the "harmony not understood," prevailed during the greater portion of part first, and formed a prominent *intermezzo* feature. At length Miss Arabella Goddard appeared, when "by degrees remote and small," the stormy gusts died out. It is impossible to speak too highly of the performance of this gifted artist on the occasion. The true value of the skill which overcomes mechanical difficulties can only be appreciated by those who have made some experiments in them. If to witness control over the delicate muscles and fibres of the human body be a legitimate source of admiration, much more must the wonder grow to see such acquisitions united with the endowments of an intellectual and sensitive nature. Interest of the most intense character invariably pervades the listener when Miss Goddard displays the magic of her art; those in the immediate locality of her chair are riveted on the evolution of her hands, while ears are equally intent to catch the last "dying fall" of some exquisitely tender and impressive sentiment. It is not merely the matchless equality and amazing rapidity of her execution that endow a simple melody with such absorbing interest, it is more than this—it is the genius which adorns what it touches and raises every thing to its own high standard. In a fantasia by Thalberg, on airs from *Don Giovanni*, the fair artist drew down applause as unanimous as it was hearty; as also in a duet with Sig. Piatti (violin-cello) "Tema con variazioni," by Mendelssohn. The well-known cavatina from *Sonnambula*, "Come per me sereno," was selected to introduce a new soprano from the Theatre Royal, Turin. This vocal *débütante*, Madame Sancia, proves to be a singer of considerable compass and facile execution. Her voice in some portions of the register is deficient in power. It is evident that she has practised *sol-feggi* diligently, but her ornaments savour more of the singing master's pencil than of a prompt and elegant fancy. The lady was received with considerable favour. Miss Poole's and Mr. Sanley's voices are not adapted for such a duet as "La ci darem," and it went for nothing in consequence. From the unenviable position Mr. Wilbye Cooper was destined to occupy, namely that of the truant Reeves, his songs had not a fair hearing. He was more successful in the English duet—erroneously attributed in the programme to Braham—"All's Well," which won a very hearty encore. The cadenza added, or rather composed by Corri, towards the final close, is immeasurably superior to that introduced by M. Santley, for the character of the duet is simplicity itself, and the old cadence partakes of its style; that of Monday evening does not. Herr Engel played a fantasia of his own creation

upon the harmonium. Over and above the excellence of performance, the composer discovered a pleasing theme, which was clearly elucidated, without in the smallest degree taxing the patience of the auditory. A fine lesson for accordin soloists, *et hoc genus omne*. The Swedish Singers stood in the stead of an orchestra to begin and end the concert with. M. Benedict presided at pianoforte with consummate ability.

Such has been the pressure within the walls of Covent Garden during the week that a large amount of the precious metals has been of necessity refused. Excepting on Saturday the new opera *Satanella* has been performed without change. *Fra Diavolo*, its substitute on the evening alluded to, brought the whole force of the establishment into play, minus Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. Weiss, who were summoned to Windsor Castle in order chiefly to illustrate important parts in Professor Bennett's *May Queen*.

Light music of all descriptions has been dominant during the revelries of the season at the Crystal Palace. Quite as well that it should have been so, as the persons who go in thousands on these merry-making occasions are more in the cue for a rollicking dance tune, than for the solid strains of Beethoven; the agile movements of Harlequin and Columbine, than the adagios of Mozart and Haydn. The recusancy of a portion of the band with reference to the "plum-pudding orchestra," was attended with more peril than many persons deeply concerned in the affair at first imagined: the four instrumentalists who refused to mount the huge representative of an English Christmas fare have seceded from, or at least are no longer connected with, the instrumental corps. None of the band, it appears, relished the idea of being a sort of musical Maypole for any of the six-and-twenty thousand to dance around. Luckily the courage of a "Coward" came to the rescue when the force of "A Manns" was unavailable. For nearly three hours the organist had the field to himself, and by his tact and generalship kept the slumbering disquietude from a wasteful outbreak. There is a phrase belonging to an Elizabethan madrigal bequeathed to all managers, Crystal Palace included—"Let's be merry and wise." Let's be merry and wise, say we.

The Coloured Opera Troupe, whose mercurial mimics and really clever performance have excited a more than ordinary amount of curiosity, are bringing their engagements at the Oxford Gallery into a narrow compass. A special concert was given by the proprietor on Saturday, at the Hanover-square Rooms, which came off with, if possible, more than the usual *éclat*. In truth the hilarity produced by these sable humorists kept the audience in a state of cachinnatory excitement for more than two hours. There is nothing about what they say or do that can offend the most delicate taste. Added to their genuine humour are various exhibitions of singing talent well worthy of being transferred to the more legitimate abodes of the musical divinities.

The opportunities of enjoying French opera, and the facilities of admission afforded by the directors of the St. James's Theatre, are readily seized on by English audiences, and it is to be hoped that the enterprise will cheer at the outset, and satisfy at the close. Comic opera, often seen through a medium ill calculated to present a fair idea of its merits, has nevertheless been a frequent support, and even a powerful attraction, to many an English theatre. At the St. James's, however, it is seen in its natural attire—a form infinitely more alluring than any other. On Wednesday evening Auber's charming masterpiece of its class, *Les Diamants de la Couronne*, was revived with Madame Faure as its "bright particular star," who was eminently successful by that skilful admixture of resolute audacity with feminine softness necessary to a just delineation of the character, and is withal quite in accordance with the orthodox views of the rigid admirers of the Auberian school. Mlle. Mathilde is also entitled to a share of the general eulogy and success of the piece. In the famous duet, which sparkles with point and vivacity, she was no whit inferior to the *prima donna* herself. It was encored. The well-known aria sung by Catarina to the bewildered nobleman in the salons of the Minister of Police, elicited the most enthusiastic admiration, and deservedly so. Other portions of the opera were sustained with average merit and efficiency. The band is deserving of the highest praise, as the music of the opera from the overture to the coda, is of a character that requires not only digital dexterity, but grace, refinement and vivacity, all of which were admirably portrayed under the controlling baton of M. Remusat.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.

A MEETING of the provisional committee of the Royal Dramatic College took place on Saturday, at the office, Bedford-street, Covent-garden; Mr. Benjamin Webster in the chair. The circular convening the meeting stated that Mr. Dodd had refused to make the promised conveyance of land, and had left unanswered the inquiry as to his engagement to build a central hall. The committee had therefore resolved that all further communication with him should cease, and that steps should be taken to enable them to accept other land for the purpose of the college. It also stated that on Mr. Dodd's determination being known two other and larger plots of

land had been immediately offered. There was a numerous attendance at the meeting. Mr. Cullenford read the minutes of the various meetings of the committee; a report, which went fully into the circumstances attending Mr. Dodd's offer of the land, and the course afterwards taken by him, and which induced the committee to come to the resolution above referred to. The committee had decided to call a public meeting on the 12th inst., to consider the further steps to be adopted for the establishment of the college, Mr. Webster having placed the Adelphi Theatre at their disposal for that purpose. It was also stated that several of the subscribers had offered to increase their subscriptions, in order to meet any additional demands on the funds in consequence of the failure of Mr. Dodd to fulfil his promise. Mr. Webster stated that the offer of Mr. Dodd might be considered as at an end, but the committee had received several offers of suitable sites. The Necropolis Company had offered the charity five acres of their land near Woking, and had promised to reserve five more acres at a moderate price should they be required in future. Mr. Meredith had offered five acres of excellent land near the Virginia Water at 35*l*. per acre, including a small cottage and some other buildings upon the land. The Rev. Edward Moore had expressed his readiness to offer five or seven acres of land at Gerrard's-cross, a short distance from Stoke Pogis, the birthplace of the poet Gray. He thought that it would be advisable for a sub-committee to be appointed, to go down and inspect the land which had been thus so generously offered to the college, so as to be enabled to report to the general meeting of the 12th inst. This was agreed to, and it was stated that the offers of those different gentlemen had been acknowledged with thanks by the executive committee. A letter was read from the lessors of the Surrey Theatre, enclosing a cheque for 80*l*. 15*s*. 6*d*., the profits arising from a performance at that theatre, in aid of the funds of the college. The chairman called attention to the dress ball to take place on the 16th of February, at St. James's Hall, on behalf of the institution, and after the transaction of some other business of a routine character the proceedings terminated. Through Mr. Hartley, of Stratford-on-Avon, the committee have received 52*l*. 15*s*., the result of an amateur performance and some subscriptions. Sir William Don has undertaken to send once a week, during a period of three months, half the receipts of each Friday evening's performance to which he and Lady Don will be entitled, under engagements which set aside Friday nights for their benefit, and to secure to them a clear moiety of the receipts. Other generous offers have also been acknowledged. A general meeting of the subscribers is to be held at the New Royal Adelphi Theatre, on Wednesday, the 12th inst., to authorize the committee to accept one or other of the gifts of land now proposed to them, and at the same time, to approve other proceedings the advanced state of the institution justifies. The *Era* says one of the objects is to procure a Royal charter.

We read the following in a Paris paper of the 27th ult.:—"On Wednesday night, at the Grand Opera, the entertainment was of a most brilliant description, for Rossini's masterpiece, *William Tell*, has always had the privilege of drawing large crowds, who are never tired of listening to his admirable music. Mlle. Thomson, who was making her debut in the character of Mathilde, won, from her first appearance, the sympathy of her audience, and boldly achieved a glorious triumph. She manages with irreproachable taste her voice, which is full of freshness and extent, and has the sonorosity and purity of crystal. After her first air she was warmly applauded; but the applause especially burst forth at the end of the magnificent duet between Mathilde and Arnolt, which Mlle Thomson and Gueymard sung in an enrapturing manner. The second act was quite enough to allow the public to appreciate the charming talent of the new *prima donna*." We also read in *Le Nord*:—"Last week at the Opera, Mademoiselle Thomson, Révial's pupil, who carried the first prize at the Conservatoire Impérial, made a most successful appearance in 'William Tell.' Her success was evident from her recitative of Mathilde's part. Possessing a pure voice, full of extent and feeling, this young artist has all that is requisite to become a great singer. Let us hope that she will not forsake the parlours of the Rue Lepelletier to give to some other place the benefit of her great talents."

It seems that a great grand-daughter of Racine is living. She was in very humble circumstances, and at one time appeared likely to pass her days in a factory. The Society of Dramatic Authors has, however, come to her aid, and placed her in a convent.

SCIENCE AND INVENTIONS.

MEETINGS OF THE SOCIETIES.

ROYAL ASTRONOMICAL, Dec. 10, Dr. Lee, V.P., in the chair.—A letter from Mr. Maclear to the Astronomer-Royal was read, with observations made on D'Arreau's Comet. The Astronomer-Royal communicated a report of observations of small planets, made with the transit circle at Greenwich, during November 1858. The *Transactions* also contains—Physical Observations of Jupiter, by Sir W.

Keith Murray and W. Lassell, Esq.; Notes on the Variable Star numbered 83 in the Greenwich catalogue of 1576 stars for 1850—whose variability was discovered by Mr. Hind—by the Astronomer-Royal; Observations on Comet V., 1858 (Donati's), taken with the equatorial of the Liverpool Observatory, by J. Hartnup, Esq.; On the Advantages to be derived from the use of Silver Mirrors for Reflecting Telescopes, and on a novel mode of mounting such instruments, by Dr. Steinheil; Proper Motions of the Stars of the Greenwich Catalogue of 1576 stars for 1850, not included in the Greenwich Twelve-Year Catalogue, deduced by comparison with the results of Bradley's observations as given in the "Fundamenta Astronomiæ," by the Rev. R. Main, M.A.; Physical Observations of Comet V., 1858, by E. B. Powell, Esq.; &c. &c.

INSTITUTE ON ACTUARIES, Monday, 27th Dec.—A paper was read by Mr. Hodge, "On the Rate of Interest for the Use of Money in Ancient and Modern Times," Part III. In this paper Mr. Hodge took up the history of the decline of the legal rate of interest in the seventeenth century. In 1571 the legal rate of interest had been fixed at 10 per cent., and in 1606 and 1613 attempts were made to reduce it to 8. In 1621 a bill to this effect was reported and ordered to be engrossed, but the end of the session stopped further proceedings. In 1624 such a bill passed the House of Commons with but little opposition, but in the House of Lords, the Archbishop of Canterbury (Dr. George Abbot) moved that the bill should be referred to the judges, to consider whether it did not tacitly allow interest to be taken; and on their reporting that it might be so understood, a clause was inserted providing that nothing in the Act should be so construed as to allow of the practice of usury in religion and conscience. In 1651 the Long Parliament reduced the rate to 6 per cent., which statute was confirmed by one passed in August 1660. The rate paid by Charles II., however, was actually 8 or 10; and Exchequer Tallies in his reign were only saleable at a discount of 10 or 12. The value of land in 1680 was, on an average, 18 or 20 years' purchase; but in the neighbourhood of manufacturing towns, such as Exeter, Halifax, and Taunton, 22 or 23 years' purchase might be had. In Italy and Holland land sold for 35 or 40 years' purchase; which was also the rate for "noble" lands in France, though ordinary lands sold for 25, or even less. In Scotland the legal rate of interest was fixed at 6 per cent. in 1661; but both in that kingdom and in Ireland 10 or 12 was the usual rate in practice. It was as high in Spain, notwithstanding the possession of the gold and silver producing countries in America; in France it was 7; in Turkey 20; but in Holland and Italy only 3. In Holland the rate was 12 in 1566, but during the last half of the sixteenth century it sank gradually to 6; and in 1655, John de Witt, contemplating the then novel experiment of a sinking fund, reduced the interest to 4 per cent. In 1685 the public debt of the Pontifical States was eleven millions sterling, bearing interest at 4 per cent. As this stock was selling at 122, Innocent XI. offered the fundholders a return of their capital, or a reduction of the interest to 3 per cent. The latter alternative was accepted, and in a short time this new 3 per cent. stock sold at 112.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.—In Professor Faraday's fourth lecture, delivered on Tuesday, he considered the properties of iron, in its three conditions of wrought iron, steel, and of cast iron; and the power it possesses of retaining and imparting magnetism. The strength of iron was shown by suspending heavy weights from thin wire, and by applying a wire in the form of a beam to give strength to a thin plank of wood. The effect of heat in weakening the strength of iron was illustrated by holding a thin bar, with a weight at one end, in the flame of a spirit lamp, when the bar bent and the weight fell. Illustrations of the combustibility of iron were afforded; and the peculiarity which iron exhibits of burning in sparks, and not in flame, was particularly shown by means of the oxy-hydrogen blowpipe, and by combustion in oxygen gas. The property which iron possesses of welding when nearly fused was exhibited. The mechanical differences between iron and steel were exemplified by various experiments. After pointing out the condition of cast iron and its difference from wrought iron and steel, Professor Faraday proceeded to exemplify the wonderful power of iron in its magnetic state. Among the many experiments exhibited to illustrate the action of magnetic power in iron and steel was the rapid magnetising and demagnetising of a thin horseshoe shaped plate of steel by a permanent horseshoe magnet. The lines of magnetic force, which are observable when iron filings are thrown on paper laid horizontally over a magnet, were ingeniously exhibited by an adaptation of the electric lamp, which Dr. Tyndall undertook to manage.

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

Monday, Jan. 10.—Royal Geographical, 8. 1. Notes on the Zambesi Expedition, from the Journal of Thos. Baines, Esq., F.R.G.S., communicated by Dr. Livingstone, F.R.G.S. 2. Account of the Lake Tojoa or Taulebe, in Honduras, Central America; E. G. Squier, Esq., of the United States of America. 3. Journal of a Voyage in Mexico, by Charles Serin, Esq., F.R.G.S.—British Architects, 8. Tuesday, 11.—Institution of Civil Engineers, 8.—Discussion upon Mr. Scott's paper, "On a Breakwater at the Port of Blyth," &c.—London and Middlesex Archaeological Society, 8.—General Meeting for Papers and Discussion. Friday, 14.—Royal Astronomical, 8.

SCIENTIFIC NEWS.

PROFESSOR WILLIAM THOMSON, of Glasgow University, is to be entertained to a public dinner in that city on the 20th inst., for his prominent services in the laying of the Atlantic cable.

IMPROVEMENT IN PAPER.—Glycerine, if introduced into the pulp of paper, renders it supple and soft. Mr. J. Brown, to whom this improvement is due, adds about five per cent. of glycerine to the pulp, if the paper is to be used in a dry state; if, on the contrary, it is to be used wet, as in the case of taking copies or impressions, the glycerine may previously be mixed with the size in the proportion of 1 to 7. Paper to be used dry must be sized afterwards, otherwise the glycerine it contains would attract the humidity of the air. If it be required to apply glycerine to paper already manufactured, the latter may be dipped into a solution of one part of glycerine in seven parts of water.

GILDING TEXTILE FABRICS.—M. Burot has just discovered a method of gilding stuffs by means of electrical agency. The piece to be gilt is dipped into a solution of nitrate of silver and ammonia; after remaining in this for two hours, it is taken out, and, when dry, exposed to a current of pure hydrogen gas, which reduces the salt, and leaves the silver in a metallic state on the stuff. A silvered surface is thus obtained, which is easily gilt over by the usual galvanoplastic methods.

SOLIDIFICATION OF OILS.—M. Perra, in a paper addressed to the French Academy of Sciences, describes a method for transforming vegetable oils into solid masses, through the action of chloride of sulphur. This substance, when composed so as to contain the largest proportion possible of sulphur, is poured in the oil at the common temperature; the mixture is well stirred and allowed to stand. By degrees it becomes warm, and the solidification takes place. The operation must be performed on small quantities at a time, in order to avoid the generation of too high a temperature, which would drive off the chloride by evaporation, and perhaps even carbonise the oil. As soon as the combination is effected, the mass is poured out on a plate of glass, carefully flattened, and then left to cool; at the end of five or six minutes it becomes hard. A second stratum may then be cast on the former, and so on until the requisite thickness has been obtained. Care must be taken, however, to prevent the interposition of moisture between the layers, otherwise they will not join. One hundred parts of linseed oil and twenty-five parts of chloride of sulphur will produce the greatest hardness possible; if the proportion of chloride be reduced to twenty or fifteen parts, the mass will be supple, like India rubber; and 100 parts of oil with only five of chloride will thicken the oil considerably without hardening it. In this state it is soluble in all the usual mediums, such as oil of turpentine, for example, which dissolve common oils. If a certain quantity of linseed oil be diluted with thirty or forty times its weight of sulphuret of carbon, and with one-fourth of its weight of chloride of sulphur, a liquid will be obtained which will not dry for some days. If this combination be laid with a brush on glass, wood, &c., the sulphuret of carbon will immediately evaporate, and the residue will become a varnish. We may state that some of these facts are not entirely new: in 1849, Professor Niclès, of the faculty of Nancy, announced the solidification of oil by the chloride of sulphur; and in the same year M. Rochelder observed it, and published an account of it in *Dingler's Polytechnic Journal*.

ARSENICAL PAPER-HANGINGS.—In a letter to the *Journal of the Society of Arts*, Dr. Taylor gives an account of the result of various experiments made by him. A friend, whose library walls were covered with an arsenical paper, had suffered from chronic inflammation of the eyes. On causing the paper to be removed, and to be replaced by another containing no arsenic, the inflammation disappeared; but within the last few weeks it returned. He informed me that he had been dusting some books in a book-case in this room, and he supposed that the dust had caused a return of the inflammation. Some of the dust was carefully removed by a feather, and submitted to a chemical analysis. The dust weighed one grain and a half; it had an olive-green colour; and under the microscope it presented the appearance of fibres, with numerous particles of various colours, chiefly of a greyish black. Treated by Reinsch's process, a portion of this dust yielded a deposit of arsenic, and there was therefore clear evidence that some of the arsenical pigment formerly on the walls, had found its way through the glass doors of the bookcase, and had been deposited in the form of a fine dust on the tops of the books. After this, Dr. Taylor procured from the shop of Messrs. Marratt and Short, opticians, 63, King William-street, London-bridge, a quantity of dust for the purposes of analysis. The walls are covered with an unglazed arsenical paper, and have been so covered for three years. About four hundred and fifty grains were thus collected. It was nearly black, and under the microscope it appeared to consist of fibres and sooty particles. It was very light and flocculent. One hundred and fifty grains of the dust were examined by Reinsch's process, and enough metallic arsenic was obtained from this quantity to coat about ten square inches of copper-foil, in addition to a piece of copper-gauze. From the deposit on the

latter, by the application of heat, octahedral crystals of arsenic were readily obtained. The cases had not been dusted for a period of nine months. From these facts, Dr. Taylor concludes that there is, at any rate, great risk in having rooms papered with unglazed hangings coloured with the poisonous arsenite of copper.

DR. LIVINGSTONE'S EXPEDITION.—Letters have been received in Glasgow from Dr. Livingstone, dated "Steam Launch, Ma-Robert, River Zambesi, June 23rd, 1858," in which he furnishes notes of his voyage up the lower part of the Zambesi. The exploration of this part, owing to the number of mouths it possesses, occupied a month. They found a good harbour called Kangone, with a natural canal, five miles long, through which they entered the Zambesi. The Pearl was too deep for the exploration, and the party had to leave her. Dr. Livingstone fell in with natives at war with the Portuguese. There 200 men armed with Tower muskets. "We approached them slowly, and, when within hail, I called out that we were English, and pointed to the English ensign. They gave a shout of joy, and we soon saw them running down with bananas for sale." Very good cotton was found in the delta, but wars ruin the cultivation. The river is generally from 1000 to 2000 yards wide; but when it has islands it spreads out to two and a half or three miles. In the narrower parts the depth is from three to seven fathoms; but in the broad parts a channel of two or two and a half fathoms can be found only by searching. "I shall adhere to the opinion I have all along expressed, that a vessel drawing from four to six feet water could run up it during seven or eight months of the year with ease." In the other letter he speaks of "an immense coal-field, and many of the seams crop out;" also that he met some very fine cotton growing wild wherever it has once been sown. It is long in the staple, and has been introduced, as its name imports. The other has a short strong staple which clings to the seed, and is more like wool in the hand than cotton. Also more lignum vitae than ebony. Of his faithful companions awaiting him at Tete, Dr. Livingstone says: "My men were still at Tete, though 30 of them had died of small-pox and six had been killed by a neighbouring chief. The poor fellows received me with great joy, and no less glad was I to see them. All the party is now well."

THE SOCIETY OF ARTS has issued a paper setting forth the subject for premiums for the sessions 1858-59 and 1859-60. We regret that its length prevents us from reprinting it here; but as it is published by the Society, no one who feels any interest in the matter can experience any difficulty in getting a copy.

LITERARY NEWS.

THE *Publishers' Circular* confesses, with something of a desponding air, that "the summary of new and renewed undertakings is this year unusually meagre."

The *North British Daily Mail* has reduced its price to one penny, diminishing its size; and it is understood that the *Glasgow Herald*, which announced its intention to publish daily at twopenny, is now likely also to appear at a penny.

A Scotch paper announces that, on Sunday last, an Independent minister, while officiating in a Glasgow West-end chapel, publicly prayed for the newspaper press of the kingdom, and more especially of that city, that it might be guided to take a correct view of all matters affecting the public interest.

The new *Quarterly Review*, which was projected some time ago by Mr. Bentley, of New Burlington-street, will, we are informed, certainly appear at the end of February with the magazines.

Mr. Monckton Milnes, M.P., Mr. Tom Taylor, and Mr. Theodore Martin have consented to act as judges of the poems submitted in competition for the premium offered by the Crystal Palace Company for the best poem in honour of the poet Burns. These gentlemen have already commenced their examination. We understand that the number of works received up to the 1st instant, the period named in the conditions, amounted to no less than 600.

The *Scottish Press* announces that Mr. Buchanan, M.P. for Glasgow, has accepted the office of President of the Scottish Association for the Repeal of the Paper Duty, and Mr. W. Chambers is the chairman of the committee. The following members of Parliament have agreed to act as Vice-presidents:—Mr. Crum Ewing, the member for Paisley; Mr. Craufurd, the member for the Ayr Burghs; Colonel Sykes, the member for Aberdeen; and Mr. Cowan and Mr. Black, the members for Edinburgh. Several literary and scientific gentlemen, and others in public life, have also become vice-presidents of the association, which altogether seems to be effectively carrying out the objects of its institution.

The new buildings in Inner Temple-lane, a portion of which occupy the site of the chambers formerly occupied by Dr. Johnson, are now completed, with the exception of the decorations, and the benches of the Inner Temple have determined upon naming them "Dr. Johnson's Buildings," in memory of the eminent man whose name is associated with the spot.

Some promising announcements are made in the department of Fiction: one from Mr. Charles Reade,

in 2 vols.—the title (says the *Publishers' Circular*) might have promised three—"Maiden, Wife, and Widow;" one from Mrs. Gaskell, in 2 vols., to be called "Around the Sofa;" one from Miss Mulock, in 3 vols.; "Adam Bede," by George Eliot, in 3 vols., is promised in a few days; one from Miss Jewsbury, in 2 vols., called "Right and Wrong;" and one from Capt. Mayne Reid, in 3 vols., entitled "Oceola." The two last will be published by Messrs. Hurst and Blackett, during the month, as also a new work by Miss Pardoe, "Episodes of French History," with illustrations.

A correspondence has taken place between Mr. E. A. Freeman and Mr. C. W. Boase, public examiners, and Lord Shaftesbury and the Secretary of the Protestant Alliance, in reference to the use of Lingard's "History of England" in the University. The examiners say: "Lingard's history is a book which has been in use ever since the school of law and modern history has existed, and it may therefore be said to have been recommended both to and by the examiners in law and modern history, ever since there have been any examiners in those subjects at all. But if it is implied that the book has only been lately introduced by a recommendation either to or by the examiners, the Protestant Alliance labours under a mistake. Lingard and Hume have always been, and still are, alternate books; but it is true that last year a recommendation was issued by us and by our then colleague, saying that Lingard 'was to be preferred,' as is very extensively done by candidates for honours. Of any 'correspondence' with the authorities of Oxford on the subject we know nothing, and can learn nothing. And the statement that any 'recommendation' of Lingard has been 'withdrawn' is wholly without foundation. Neither the original recommendation nor the notice of last year has ever been withdrawn."

Allen's Indian Mail gives an account of a very splendid testimonial, executed in silver by Messrs. Elkington, for presentation to Mr. John Stuart Mill, by the gentlemen of the office over which he lately presided. It is a casket of oblong form and of remarkably elegant design, having on the lid a copy in bas-relief of Raphael's picture of the "School of Athens," flanked by medallions of Apollo and Minerva, on the ends medallions of Aristotle and Plato, and on the front and back portions of the Panathenaic frieze, all in bas-relief. The interior is fitted up as an inkstand, and on the inside of the lid is the following inscription:—"Presented to John Stuart Mill on his retirement from the office of Examiner of Indian Correspondence, in token of high admiration and esteem, and warm personal regard, by his associates in that department of the East India House." In the warm-hearted and appreciative address with which the gentlemen subscribing to the testimonial have accompanied it, they express a hope that the honoured recipient may enjoy many years of health and happiness, and may continue to enrich the literature of the country with those fruits of his genius which have already placed him in the front rank of the philosophers of the age.

According to the *Canadian News*, the Press of Canada now numbers 20 daily newspapers, 156 weekly, and 33 issued tri-weekly and semi-weekly, making a total of 209 public journals in Canada, East and West. These are distributed over 88 cities, towns, and villages. The smallest amount of population in these places, enjoying the luxury of a newspaper range from 200 upwards. The greatest circulation of a daily journal is 5000 copies, and of the weekly journals 15,000 is the highest issue. The newspapers of New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Newfoundland, and Prince Edward's Island, not included in the above, number from 40 to 50, and are chiefly weekly publications.

The *Pittsburg Gazette* shows a blunder by Mr. Thackeray in "The Virginians," in getting his troops on the wrong side of the Monongahela River. In the last number but one of "The Virginians," narrating the escape of George Warrington from Fort Duquesne, which took place in the autumn, occurs the following paragraph:—"As we advanced, the woods became redder and redder. The frost nipped sharply of nights. At this time of the year the hunters who live in the mountains get their sugar from the maples." This (says the *New York Post*) will be news to the makers of maple sugar, who, so far as we have observed, do their work in the spring.

The *American Notes and Queries* states, that Mr. Charles Lanman, of Washington, D.C., has undertaken a Dictionary of the United States Congress, from the earliest times. It contains brief biographical sketches of the members, and will be valuable as a work of reference for the legislator and the statesman. The following are the headings of the principal departments: The successive Sessions of Congress; the Speakers of the House of Representatives; the Presidents of the Senate; Successive Administrations; Presidential Electors; the Supreme Court; Ministers to Foreign Countries; the Declaration of Independence; Members of the Continental Congress; the Constitution of the United States; the Organisation of the Executive Departments; the several States and Territories, with their Governors. The publication is already in progress, and the work is expected to be issued by the middle of January. It will contain between four and five thousand names. Mr. Lanman possesses many facilities for the work.

149, Sloane-street, Chelsea, and 9, Skinner-street, Snow-hill, City.

PATENT CORN FLOUR, for Custards,

Puddings, &c., preferred to the best arrowroot, and unequalled as a diet for infants and invalids. *Lancet* says: "This is superior to anything of the kind known." See also reports by Dr. Hassall, Dr. Letheby, London Hospital, and Dr. Muspratt.—Wholesale, Grocers and Druggists; Retail, Grocers, Chemists, &c.; 16 oz. packets, 8d.—BROWN and POLSON, Paisley, Dublin; 77A, Market-street, Manchester; and 25, Ironmonger-lane, London.

VINEGAR.—Patronised by Her Majesty's Government.

CONDY'S PATENT PURE CONCENTRATED MALT VINEGAR. Families, by using this delicious Vinegar, ensure purity, and effect a saving of 50 per cent. See Report of Dr. Letheby, City Officer of Health, Dr. Hassall, of the *Lancet* Commission, and others. Sold by the Trade, in bottles, labelled and capped. Wholesale, 63, King William-street, London Bridge, E.C. Six Quart Sample sent free to any Railway, for 3s. 6d.

ECONOMY IN FUEL.—The waste of

coals arising from the use of badly-constructed fireplaces in most families is truly enormous. The desirable objects of effecting a great saving and adding to the comfort of apartments are obtained by the use of the following Grates: 1. Improved Smokeless Fire-Grates, now made from 30s. each. These Grates burn little fuel, give much heat, will burn for hours without attention, and accumulate so little soot that chimney-sweeping is almost superseded. 2. Improved Grates, with Stourbridge fire-brick backs, from 24s. each complete. Any one who has experienced the superiority of fire-brick over iron, for retaining heat and radiating it into an apartment, would never consent to have grates with iron backs, which conduct the heat away. 3. Improved Grates, with Stourbridge fire-brick backs and porcelain sides, from 35s. each, complete. The advantages of porcelain for ornament over iron or steel, from its cleanliness, and its utility in cleaning, and from its beauty not being impaired by lapse of time. Illustrated prospectuses forwarded on application.

STOVES for ENTRANCE HALLS, SCHOOL

ROOMS, CHURCHES, &c., of the best construction. These stoves burn little fuel, require very little attention, may be had with or without open fire, and will burn night and day in severe weather or throughout the season if required, whilst they are entirely free from the objection found to so many stoves, that of a liability to become overheated and to render the atmosphere offensive. Illustrated prospectuses forwarded. Manufacturers of Edwards's Smokeless Kitchen Range, which alone obtained a first-class Medal at the Paris Exhibition of 1855.

F. EDWARDS, SON, and Co., General Stove and Kitchen Range Manufacturers, 42, Poland-street, Oxford-street, W.

COCKLE'S PILL for INDIGESTION

LIVER COMPLAINTS, &c.—This Family Aperient will be found particularly valuable in every form of Indigestion, with torpid liver and inactive bowels; also in Gout, Bilious Attacks, Sick Headache, and Nervous Irritability, arising from a deranged state of the stomach. Prepared only by JAMES COCKLE, Surgeon, 18, New Ormond-street; and to be had of all Medicine Vendors, in boxes, at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., and 11s.

DR. MARSTON'S MUSEUM of

ANATOMY and SCIENCE, 47, Berners-street, Oxford-street, London.—Open daily, for Gentlemen only, from 10 to 10. Admission—One Shilling.—One Shilling and 6d. gratis. Lectures illustrated by 1000 splendid specimens and models of the human body.

DR. MARSTON on NERVOUS DEBILITY:

its Cause and Consequences. Illustrated by cases, and showing the means of cure. GRATIS by the Anatomical and Pathological Society of Great Britain for the benefit of those who feel interested in the subject treated of.—Enclose two stamps to prepay postage, and address "SECRETARY," Anatomical Museum, 47, Berners-street, Oxford-street, London.

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This old-established herbal preparation has a miraculous effect in all Scorbatic Complaints, quickly eradicating all impurities from the blood. Indeed, a finer purifier of the blood cannot well be conceived, the pale sickly complexion speedily being converted to the rosy hue of health. Ladies should have recourse to this preparation, instead of using the dangerous cosmetic now so much in vogue. Price 2s. 9d. and 11s. a bottle.—Wholesale Agents, BARCLAY and SONS, 36, Farringdon-street; HANNAY and CO., 63, Oxford-street. Any London or country medicine vendor will procure the above for any customer.

ABERNETHY'S PILL for the NERVES

and MUSCLES.—Invalids who suffer from lowness of spirits, want of sleep, loss of appetite, and nervous attacks, will hail this medicine as a great blessing. It acts by purifying the blood and by restoring the stomach, liver, and bowels to their healthy state, and thus eradicates melancholy, weakness of limbs, &c. The smallest size box will be quite sufficient to convince any invalid of the extraordinary virtues of these Pills. Price 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., and 4s. 6d. a box.—Agents—BARCLAY, 36, Farringdon-street, and HANNAY, 63, Oxford-street. Any medicine vendor will procure them.

EXTRAORDINARY CURES by Dr. J.

COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE.—Consumption, Coughs, Asthma, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Diphtheria, &c. Relief instantaneous. No medicine has ever obtained such valuable and unquestionable medical testimony. It is universally adopted by medical men, hospitals, &c.; its efficacy is so remarkable, and its administration so safe, that physicians highly recommend it for general use. Sole Manufacturer J. J. DAVENPORT, Operative Chemist to H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge, 33, Great Russell-street, London.

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INVALIDS, and OTHERS.—ROBINSON'S PATENT BARLEY, for making Superior Barley Water in Fifteen Minutes, has not only obtained the patronage of her Majesty and the Royal Family, but has become of general use to every class of the community, and is acknowledged to stand unrivalled as an eminently pure, nutritious, and light food for Infants and Invalids; much approved for making a delicious Custard Pudding, and excellent for thickening Broths or Soups.

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for more than thirty years have been held in constant and increasing public estimation as the purest farinæ of the oat, and as the best and most valuable preparation for making a pure and delicate Gruel, which forms a light and nutritious supper for the aged, is a popular recipe for colds and influenza, is of general use in the sick chamber, and, alternately with the Patent Barley, is an excellent food for Infants and Children.

Prepared only by the Distillers, ROBINSON, BELLVILLE, and Co., Purveyors to the Queen, 64, Red Lion-street, Holborn, London. Sold by all respectable Grocers, Druggists, and others in Town and Country, in Packets of 6d. and 1s.; and Family Cansisters, at 2s., 5s., and 10s. each.

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afflicted for more than ten years with consumptive symptoms, nervousness, indigestion, and with other internal disorders of a very serious nature, of which she could get no relief, has become restored to health by simple means. She will inform any sufferer of the means by which she became restored, either on personal application, or on receipt of a directed envelope.—Address Mrs. GEORGE MORRISON, No. 11, Walpole-street, Chelsea, S.W.

AN ACT OF DEEP GRATITUDE.—

5000 Copies of a Medical Book to be given away! A Clergyman of the Church of England, having been cured of nervous debility, loss of memory, indigestion, and other fearful symptoms, is earnestly desirous of imparting to his suffering fellow men the means whereby his restoration was so marvelously effected. He will therefore send a book containing all the necessary information, on receipt of two penny stamps to prepay postage, addressed to the Rev. H. R. THACKER, M.A., 4, North Cumberland-place, Bayswater, Middlesex.

GALVANISM.—Mr. Wm. H. HALSE,

the Medical Galvanist, of No. 1, Addison-terrace, Kensington, London, solicits invalids to send to him for his Pamphlet on "Medical Galvanism," which he will forward post free on receipt of two postage-stamps. The beneficial effects of Galvanism in cases of Paralysis, Loss of Muscular Power in any part, Asthma, Indigestion, and Nervousness, are most extraordinary when applied in a scientific manner, and with an efficient apparatus. Attendance from Ten to Two o'clock.—Mr. HALSE's Galvanic Machines are Ten Guineas each.

FOR the INFORMATION of the WORLD.

—People of England, read what 50,000 persons have done for them, and from the *MORISONIAN* and *UNIVERSAL SAL MEDICINES* of the British College of Health, Euston (late New) Road, London.—May be had (gratis) of all the Hygeian agents. The Hygeian agents throughout the world are unanimous as regards the truth of the Hygeian system of medicine, introduced by JAMES MORRISON, the Hygeist, who not only taught the public how to cure their own ailments, but also rescued the world from the dangers of false medical doctrines. The monument lately raised to his memory, by a penny subscription, sufficiently attests the importance of his discoveries. Read the "*Morisoniana*," and the cases of cure.

FROGMORE LODGE, Rickmansworth,

HERTS. This Establishment is NOW OPEN for the reception of PATIENTS, male and female, suffering from the effects of Intemperate habits or other diseases connected with the nervous system. The proprietor, a married gentleman, and a regularly-qualified M.D. of extensive experience, is in possession of a specific for the above distressing maladies, which are unhappily on the increase; and he guarantees to effect a complete and permanent cure within twelve months from the date of admission.

Frognore Lodge is pleasantly situated within its own grounds, and, from the purity of the air and the salubrity of the locality, is admirably adapted for successfully carrying out the proprietor's peculiar mode of treatment.

The terms of admission and further particulars may be ascertained by letter addressed "To the Proprietors of Frognore Lodge Establishment, Rickmansworth, Herts;" and as the number of patients who necessarily be limited, early application will be necessary.

TEETH! TEETH!!—Protected by Royal

Letters Patent, and received by the most eminent of the Faculty.—MR. LAWRENCE'S IMPROVED ARTIFICIAL TEETH by the *CLASP*—plate and gum—can be made in the soft gum and every substance that becomes putrescent in the mouth; their cleanliness, ease, and comfort render them available in every case, without springs or wire, at less than advertised prices.—Painless Tooth Extraction by graduated Electricity is always attended with perfect success. A Treatise on the above method sent free on application.

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28, Ludgate-hill and 110, Regent-street, are the Dental Establishments of Messrs. GABRIEL and the Old Established Dentists, Patentes of the system for insuring perfect Articulation and Mastication without the impediments usually attendant upon the ordinary plans. In their IMPROVED MINERAL TEETH and FLEXIBLE GUMS there are no Springs or Wires, no extraction of roots; the fit of the most perfect accuracy, while, from the flexibility of the agent employed, pressure upon the gums or remaining teeth is entirely avoided. It is permanent, wholesome, and congenial to the mouth, and when in use defies the notice of the closest observer. It is only necessary to see them to be convinced of their superiority; and universal satisfaction has been given, no fee is accepted. The best materials are used, which Messrs. GABRIEL are enabled to supply at prices lower than are usually charged for common qualities, they having on the premises extensive laboratories for the manufacture of every specialty appertaining to the profession. Consultation gratis. Established 1804. And at 134, Duke-street, Liverpool.

GABRIEL'S TREATISE fully explains the system, and may be had gratis, or stamped envelope. The PATENT WHITE ENAMEL, which effectually restores decayed front teeth, can only be obtained as above.—Observe the numbers. PREPARED WHITE GUTTA PERCHA ENAMEL, the best Stopping for decayed teeth or Gold teeth, 1s. 6d. per box, obtainable through any Chemist in town or country, or direct 20 stamps.—Messrs. G.'s Improvements in Dentistry are really important, and will well repay a visit to their establishments. *Sunday Times*, Sept. 6th, 1857.

WONDERFUL CURE of a COUGH.—

The following Letter has recently been addressed to Mr. Powell, from Wm. Boards, Esq., an agriculturist and land agent, residing at Edmonton, Middlesex:—"Dear Sir,—I have recently suffered much from a most violent cough, proceeding from a tickling in my chest, which no remedy, out of many I resorted to, could allay. My head was constantly aching, and my whole frame entirely shivered. Having seen to the good effects of your Balsam of Aniseed in several members of my family, I purchased a small bottle, and when going to bed at night took a teaspoonful in two tablespoonfuls of water just warm. The effect was immediate: it arrested the tickling in my chest, I slept well, and arose perfectly restored in the morning, with the exception of debility, arising from fatigue by incessant coughing for some days previous. My cough entirely left me, and has never returned. Having since heard of a lady in the neighbourhood who for a long time had laboured under a most distressing cough, and who had resorted to every remedy within her knowledge, I sent the remainder of the bottle to her; and that long-standing, obstinate, and (as she thought) incurable cough was perfectly cured. You are at perfect liberty to make what use you may please of this communication, as the contents are strictly true. I shall take every opportunity of recommending your inestimable medicine, feeling as I do, fully assured of its efficacy. I am, dear sir, yours very truly, Wm. BOARDS.—To Mr. Thos. Powell."

This old-established Family Cough Medicine is remarkable for its curative properties in all cases of coughs, colds, shortness of breath, asthma, night cough, and every kind of pulmonary disorder.—Prepared and sold by THOMAS POWELL, at the warehouse, 16, Blackfriars-road, London (late 54). Sold by all respectable chemists.

In bottles at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. each.

KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES.—A

safe and certain remedy for coughs, colds, hoarseness, and other affections of the throat and chest. In incipient consumption, asthma, and winter cough, they are untailing. Being free from every harmful ingredient, they may be taken by the most delicate female or the youngest child; while the public speaker and professional singer will find them invaluable in allaying the hoarseness and irritation.—Prepared and sold in boxes, 1s. 1½d., and tins, 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., and 10s. 6d. each, by THOMAS KEATING, Chemist, &c., 70, St. Paul's Churchyard, London, Retail by all Druggists.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.—In general debility

and incipient consumption, a course of this most admirable alternative and tonic is attended with the happiest results. The melancholy emaciation soon gives place to health, strength, and cheerfulness, and the patient discovers to his surprise and delight that symptoms which had resisted all medical skill, and were quite unaffected by a change of air and climate, are easily and speedily subverted by the magical influence of these inestimable Pills. Printed directions for the guidance of patients in the use of these Pills are affixed to every box. Composed exclusively of rare balsams, they are as harmless as they are efficacious. The certainty of cure depends on their always converting impure to pure blood.

A GOOD FAMILY MEDICINE CHEST,

with a prudent use, has saved many a life, and yet we think the idea might be improved upon, and reduced to a more simple form. Take some good compound, such as COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS, and we find that the desired end may be attained without scales and weights, or little mysterious compartments, and enchanted bottles with crystal stoppers. Others might be used, but Cockle's Pills, as tested by many thousands of persons, and found to answer their purpose so well, may be set down as the best.—*Observer*.

DO YOU WANT LUXURIANT HAIR,

WHISKERS, &c. &c.—If so, use MISS COUPELLE'S 'CINXTRIAR,' which is guaranteed to produce Whiskers, Mustachios, &c., in a few weeks, and restore the Hair in baldness from whatever cause, prevent its falling out, strengthen Weak Hair, and effectually check Greyness in all its stages. If used in the nursery, it will avert Baldness in after life. Sold by all Chemists, price 2s., or will be sent, post-free, on receipt of twenty-four postage stamps, by Miss Coupele, 63, Castle-street, Oxford-street, London.—Testimonials:—"I have ordered its use in hundreds of cases with success." *Dr. Walsh*.—"I have sold it for eleven years, and have never heard a complaint of it." *Mr. Jones*.—"My hair is quite restored." *E. James, Esq.*—"After nine years' baldness, its effects are miraculous." *W. Mahon*.

KNOW THYSELF.—MARIE COUPELLE

continues her vivid and interesting delineations of character from an examination of the handwriting of individuals, in a style never before attempted in England. Persons desirous of knowing their own characteristics, or those of any friend, must enclose a specimen of their writing, stating sex and age, with 14 penny postage stamps, to Miss Coupele, 63, Castle-street, Newman-street, London. They will receive, in return, a full detail of the gifts, defects, talents, tastes, affections, &c. of the writer, with many other things calculated to be useful through life.—From F.N. "I consider your skill surprising."—C.S. "Your description of her character is remarkably correct."—Miss A. "Your sketch of my character is marvellously correct."—Miss M. "My husband says the character you sent me is a true one."—W.N. "You have described him very accurately."

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WITHOUT A TRUSS.—Dr. Thomson's remedy has been successful in thousands of cases, and is applicable to every variety of single or double rupture in both sexes, however bad or long standing, effecting a perfect cure in a short time, without pain or confinement, thus rendering the further use of trusses unnecessary. Persons in any part of the world can have the remedy sent to them post free, on receipt of 10s. in postage stamps, or by post-office order payable at the child London office to Dr. Ralph Thomson, 11A, Arlington-street, Mornington-crescent, London. Consultations by appointment daily except Sunday. A Treatise on the Nature, Causes, and Symptoms of every kind of Hernia, with a large selection of Testimonials from patients cured, sent free by post for four penny stamps.

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WHITE'S MOC-MAIN LEVER TRUSS is allowed by upwards of 200 Medical Gentlemen to be the most effective invention in the curative treatment of HERNIA. The use of a steel spring, so often hurtful in its effects, is here avoided; a soft bandage being worn round the body, while the requisite resisting power is supplied by the MOC-MAIN PAD and PATENT LEVER, fitting with much ease and closeness that it cannot be detected, and may be worn during sleep. A descriptive circular may be had, and the truss (which cannot fail to fit) forwarded by post, on the circumference of the body, two inches below the hips, being sent to the Manufacturer.

Mr. WHITE, 228, Piccadilly, London.

A single Truss, 16s. 2½d., 20s. 6d., and 31s. 6d. Postage, 1s. Double Truss, 31s. 6d., 42s., and 53s. 6d. Postage, 1s. 8d. An Unbitt Truss, 42s. and 52s. 6d. Postage, 1s. 10d.

Post-office Orders to be made payable to JOHN WHITE, Post-office, Piccadilly.

ELASTIC STOCKINGS, KNEE CAPS,

&c.—The material of which these are made is recommended by the Faculty as being peculiarly ELASTIC and COMPRESSIBLE, and the best invention for giving efficient and permanent support in all cases of WEAKNESS and SWELLING of the LEGS, VARICOSE VEINS, SPRAINS, &c. It is Garros, high in texture, and inexpensive, and draws on like an ordinary stocking. Price from 7s. 6d. to 15s. each; postage, 6d.

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Printed and published by JOHN CROCKFORD, at 19, Wellington-street North, Strand, London, W.C., in the County of Middlesex.—Saturday, January 8, 1859.

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